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CONTENTS.

	PAGE	
NOTES OF THE WEEK	253	MIDDLE ARTICLES :
LEADING ARTICLES :		Wiberleyism 262
The Land Tax Muddle	256	Muscovite and English Music. By John F. Runciman 263
The Labouring Party	257	Clair de Lune 264
England's Position Abroad	258	The Birds of Exmoor 265
Second Class	259	
THE CITY	260	VERSE :
INSURANCE :		The Secret. By Sandys Wason 269
A Four per Cent. Guarantee	261	
SPECIAL ARTICLE :		CORRESPONDENCE :
"Frank" Forster at Balaklava. By Grey Scout	261	Young Turkey and the Triple Alliance. By H. Charles Woods C.B. 267
		"A Mangled Mass." By O. H. Kling 268
		"Not Chatterton." By John H. Ingram 268
		Mr. Skimpole's Christian Name. By B. W. Matz 268
		Spain's Catholicism 268
		CORRESPONDENCE (continued) :
		The New Coinage. By H. Maxwell Prideaux 268
		A Prize for Flying 268
		Town-Planning Conference. By the Rt.-Hon. John Burns M.P. 269
		REVIEWS :
		Meredith's Aftermath 269
		A River on the Marches 270
		The Native State Policy 271
		Church Bells and their Inscriptions 272
		New Guinea Ethnography 272
		NOVELS 273
		SHORTER NOTICES 274
		LAW BOOKS 276

We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Lloyd George cannot keep quiet even on his holidays. He has rushed into print to give bewildered owners of property his personal assurance that everything is quite simple. Most of the information asked for is available already in the quinquennial returns, and Government valuers are prepared to assist with the rest. Unfortunately, Mr. Lloyd George chose to illustrate his main point by endorsing somebody's interpretation of a question in the notorious Form 4. It now appears either that the interpretation is erroneous, or that the question has no relation to anything in the Finance Bill.

To refer landowners to the official valuers is, as Captain Pretyman says, like bidding a litigant consult his opponent's lawyer. It is the landlord's business to get some check on the official valuation, so that he may be able to appeal if necessary, and this check is all the more desirable when the matter in dispute is so mysterious an abstraction as site value. For the rest, Mr. Lloyd George can scarcely be serious in urging that the authorities are only asking for information which they have got already. The argument would be preposterous if it were true—which it is not. Nor is a harassed and exasperated landowner likely to be solaced by an invitation to admire the beauties of a land register.

Sir Edward Grey actually said a good thing—though not exactly an original—at a picnic on Thursday. He was one of those who would very much rather see a thing settled by consent and agreement, provided he got his own way. Just so: the problem of the Conference is, How are both sides to get their way? If they do, everyone will be pleased. If only one side gets its way, there will not be a settlement. Sir Edward Grey seems to assume that his side, at any rate, is going to

get theirs. That is his idea of settlement by consent. Sir Edward Grey, with a great reputation for fairness and superiority to party, is really one of the keenest partisans in the Cabinet. It is a very fine thing to be a strong party man but thought to be above party. The position is one of great advantage. His party is right to value Sir Edward Grey.

Several speeches of Mr. Herbert Samuel have been reported; but they are dead-season productions, neither worth the making nor the publishing. We only notice one point about anything that is not a stock subject for every platform Liberal. This is what was said about the employés of the National Telephone Company, whose business is to be taken over by the Post Office at the end of next year. Mr. Samuel contradicted the report that about half of them were to be dismissed, and announced that the whole body would be transferred to the service of the Post Office. Mr. Samuel's humane desire that anxiety should not enter into thousands of homes on account of this unfounded report is creditable to him. Incidentally it was also profitable to remove the anxiety of the Government about the votes of discharged employés. Mr. Samuel may now take a rest with a conscience philanthropic and political alike satisfied.

The Joint Board of the General Federation of Trades Unions, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, and the Labour party met on Monday to decide on future action about the Osborne Judgment. Its decision was to demand legislation to legalise the levying of compulsory contributions by members of trade unions for the payment of Labour members of Parliament. The alternative of payment of members is rejected as insufficient for the requirements of trade-union action. The Osborne Judgment is assumed to cover a much wider field than the prohibition of applying funds to the particular purpose of paying members, and to extend to every application of money for political purposes, however closely connected they may be with industrial. The Joint Board insists on the repeal of the Osborne Judgment, whatever the Government may do about payment of members in general.

This sounds like a declaration of war, not only against the Government, which would have nothing to do with the Bill introduced last session, but against a large section of trade unionists. The "Daily Chronicle" had an interview with Mr. Osborne which shows that the feeling amongst trade unionists which led to the injunctions that have been obtained is spontaneous and honest. They cannot be explained by any suggestion of the insidious influence of employers hostile to trade unionism. There are many workmen who either do not appreciate the advantages of special representation by fellow-workmen, or they are Liberals, Radicals or Conservatives who dislike the politics of those who now control the unions. They resent the interference of politicians who are not trade unionists and who sneer at trade unionism while making use of it for their own purposes.

It was quite a smart idea of the Tariff Reform League to invite the Free Trade Union to join them in sending out a common trip to Germany. It has put the Free Traders in a difficult position. They do not want to go; they remember that, though most of the trippers come back with precisely the convictions they took out with them, only more so, there are certain famous examples of Free Traders—Radicals or Socialists—who have come back from Germany much less Free Trade than they were; out on an excursion with Tariff Reformers the Free Trade Union contingent might slide in mass. They must not go. Free Traders, being good, expect to be corrupted by the bad—the result moralists always expect—they do not hope to reform the Tariff Reformers. What good, they are saying now, these trips to Germany? Who can learn anything of the economic condition of a country in a fortnight? True, but Free Traders should have perceived this before they sent out their own trips, not when they were asked to join another.

Why is it so difficult to get straight, intelligent discussion of the tariff question? The "Westminster Gazette" perhaps gets nearer to it than any other newspaper; yet we have the "Westminster" putting it as important argument that the Antwerp Free Trade Congress concluded that tariffs could not lessen unemployment. Could any assembly of avowed Free Traders come to any other conclusion? Would the "Westminster" be impressed if the Tariff Reform League met solemnly somewhere and concluded that tariffs could lessen unemployment? And it also cites the testimony of Mr. Wallace Carter that "the declaration of the Western farmers ought to kill the Tariff Reform movement in this country, so far as its Imperial aspect is concerned". Who is this witness? The Secretary of the Free Trade Union! Once more the "Westminster" has been making fine play with demands in other countries—notably America—for reduction of tariffs. This is supposed to show that Tariff Reformers are struggling against the stream. In fact let the revisionists abroad and reformers here both have their way, and they will meet on the via media. Starting from opposite ends, both are making for the same point.

We note that Mr. Gilbert Bartholomew, of Messrs. Bryant and May, on the authority of "one of the largest of the German match manufacturers", gives in a letter to the "Westminster" an explanation why the German match tax has handicapped the home trade. The German Government allowed three months to go by between the passing of the tax and the date of its coming into force. The foreigner used the interval to send enough matches into Germany to last for a year. So the theory that a heavy import duty, instead of helping the German manufacturer, has ruined him, will not stand. The German manufacturers have not recommended the immediate abolition of the extra duty, but impatiently await the exhaustion of supplies which the extraordinary course adopted by the Government induced the importer to pour into the country. Not till then will the home trade recover its competitive advantage under the tariff.

There is a Portsmouth story that the Admiralty is about to try internal-combustion engines as a means

of propulsion in a new battleship. It seems to be felt locally that some colour is given to the suggestion by the Government's delay in putting on the slips the successor to H.M.S. "Orion", a piece of dilatoriness which for some time back has been the subject of comment and blame. The rumour, however, though not discredited, is apparently premature; no doubt motor-propelled battleships will arrive some day, but it is considered probable that the Admiralty will first experiment, for economy's sake, with an unarmoured cruiser. The heavy-oil engine which in this case would be used differs essentially from the petrol engines with which motor-cars have familiarised us, and cylinder-strength is an important factor. The Government has indeed already provided large oil-reservoirs at several strategic points; but it is necessary to remember that oil is not a home product, and coal is.

On Monday came the sad news of the loss of the cruiser "Bedford" and eighteen of her crew in the Straits of Korea. She struck on the Samarang Rocks off the island of Quelpart. It is likely she was washed out of her bearings by the force of the current, which is tremendous in that part. Going at such high speed—she was on a speed trial at the moment—the ship, of course, had no chance, once she had grounded. How true it is that the naval man is campaigning all his life! Night and day he lives in the face of danger.

Japan is at last going to annex Korea. No Power and nobody can be surprised; none need object. It is always better that facts should square with appearances. Korea has been Japanese for some years now in everything but name. Annexation is merely the abandonment of a fiction which had become superfluous. Political fictions sometimes serve a purpose, as do legal fictions; but it is absurd to keep them up when they have ceased to serve that purpose or any other. There was no longer anything to be gained either by Korea or by Japan in keeping up a Korean Court and a Korean Government. Japan governed; Japan ran the whole country; and the Japanese Government, seeing it can quite as well look after Korea directly as indirectly through a Korean form, judges that the time has come to drop the fiction.

It is generally diplomatic considerations, the susceptibilities of other countries, that induce a dominant Power to govern indirectly. Suzerainty, protectorate, sphere of influence, it is usually just a way of soothing other Powers inclined to be jealous. The governed country is still "independent"; its sovereignty remains intact; its territory inviolate; and all the other polite fictions. Absurd as it seems that such transparencies should have a quieting effect on rivals that perfectly see through them, they do. The truth is they are willing to be assured; they can accept the fiction of disinterested intervention, while annexation would be a challenge which honour would compel them to take up. The Powers are accustomed to Japanese control of Korea, and annexation is not felt as a challenge; not even by Russia. Sometimes, too, a protectorate is useful to disguise their dependence from the "protected" people. But the Japanese have never been tender to Korean sentiment or, for that matter, Korean anything else; so what Korea might think would not affect the question of annexation. And we do not doubt it is all one to the Koreans.

Turkey is indulging in a little naval agitation of her own. She is anxious as to the status of her fleet. Djavid Bey has been arranging a loan which is to pay for new ships, and the question of policy now being discussed sounds like an echo from the North Sea. The Press wants a two-Power standard—as against Greece. Russia is assured she need not be scared by the naval ambitions of Young Turkey. They are no Black Sea menace. At the same time any increase in the Black Sea fleet would apparently compel Turkey to undertake the building of ships beyond the two-Power standard. If, however, Russia would send her Black Sea fleet to the Baltic, then Turkey would guarantee the neutrality of the Black Sea. That, we are told, would be a

relief to Russia. What it would be to Turkey the press, the disposer of navies, leaves to our imagination.

The Greek elections appear to have resulted in a victory for the "popular" candidates. This is admitted by the leaders of the regular parties. Perhaps even Greece is getting sick of party divisions which have no meaning and is beginning to wonder whether it is worth while to allow herself to be exploited by politicians in haste to fill their own pockets. Certainly the condition of the country is serious enough, and is made worse by a military Government being established in Turkey. M. Venezelo seems to be master of the situation, and his sympathisers have swept the constituencies in Attica. But will the Turks allow him to abandon Crete and take his seat, for he is plainly a subject of the Sultan and not of King George? It is doubtful. Greece wants a strong man, if ever a country did, and unfortunately the dynasty cannot supply one. M. Venezelo seems the only possibility.

The German Emperor's reception at Posen was a little less frigid than when he last visited the place. The Polish members of Parliament had previously given evidence of their goodwill by voting for the increase of the civil list, and the Emperor's speech at Posen was moderate in tone. But he said the essential thing when he bade his Polish subjects be good Germans, and it is significant that the Crown Prince echoed his sentiments, though in more general and academic form, in his Königsberg address. The difficulty is that the Prussian temperament makes no concessions. The Poles have to give up so much if they are to become good Germans. Similar sacrifices have been demanded from the Alsatians and from the Danes, and in the end they have been made. Now it seems as if Poland too was preparing to bow to the inevitable.

The German Government has scored a point in the financial controversy. The deficit is some £5,000,000 less than was estimated, partly because of economies in expenditure and partly because the new taxes have not turned out so very useless after all. But Ministers have still to deal with the Hansa Bund, that formidable league which first put organised industrial capital alongside of organised agrarianism and organised labour. The Bund means business, and has rejected Conservative proposals for co-operation against the Socialists on the ground that it is not concerned with general politics. It is, of course, possible to carry financial proposals in the teeth of the opposition of financial experts, as our own recent history shows. But a bureaucracy cannot flout authority like a party, since it is unable to conceal defects in practical administration by much mouthing of general principles.

French papers are very angry with the Brazilian Government for choosing German officers as military instructors to the Federal forces instead of French. There is no reason why they should not; and if they think the German officers better than the French, as they very reasonably may, they would have been foolish if they had not. They have had experience in the State of São Paulo, where a number of French officers have acted as instructors to its army of 5,000, and the result seems to be that it was considered better to have German officers, such as are already training the Chilean and Argentine armies, especially as the guns of the Brazilian army are German. But the real reason no doubt is that German political influence in Brazil is stronger than the French, and this selection of German officers is one of the signs. The "Temps" threatens reprisals, warning the Brazilian Government not to be surprised if the French money market refuses in future to take up Brazilian securities, which have already been placed in France to the extent of a hundred millions sterling. Money is for friends, not enemies.

M. Pichon's optimistic speech on Sunday at Châlons-sur-Saône almost coincides in point of time with the equally optimistic account of the growth of foreign trade with Morocco issued by the French Morocco Committee. It was indeed high time that some evidence

were presented to the world that the French had begun to do something in that country to justify their position. European trade had dwindled so much that any increase is welcome and easy. But beyond the usual smooth platitudes about the "beneficent protection and civilising administration" bestowed on Morocco by France, we have nothing to build hopes of better things upon beyond the easy generalities which any clever French speaker like M. Pichon can roll out at will. Of facts and statistics as to the advance of civilisation in the country there are none. With the help of Spain France has no doubt got the ports better in hand, but this does not take us far.

As the polling-day in South Africa draws nearer, platform utterances become more heated. Dr. Jameson is attacked by both Mr. Merriman and General Hertzog. Mr. Merriman, true to his rôle of Dutch advocate, is indignant because Dr. Jameson is not prepared to give the Botha Ministry a blank cheque. General Hertzog, he says, has been unjustly maligned. For his own part General Hertzog is extremely angry. He talks of Unionist lies and distortions and assassin-like methods; the suggestion that he would force English-speaking children in the other States to learn Dutch is "an infernal falsehood". Not without its humour is his denunciation of Dr. Jameson's "diabolical call to discord and disunion". Such indignation sits well on a member of the party which rejected Dr. Jameson's coalition invitation. Dr. Jameson is probably by this time very glad his overtures were unsuccessful.

The Bengal conspiracy trial should be a warning to members of Parliament with some reputation for loyalty to lose to be cautious in their communications with Indian malcontents. Mr. Hilaire Belloc wisely made his position perfectly clear instantly. Very different is the spirit informing the letters of Mr. Mackarness and Sir Henry Cotton. Mr. Mackarness likens the deportees to John Hampden and the seven bishops, and his efforts on their behalf are warmly approved by Sir Henry Cotton. From such a body as the Council of the Social Democratic party we expect nothing but mischief. Its manifesto denouncing the "infamies" of British rule will, it says, be distributed in the native language throughout Hindustan. If the students of Bengal who have taken part in the recent unrest are to be punished, surely those who encourage them from England ought not to escape?

Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt have embraced each other; rather Mr. Taft has embraced Mr. Roosevelt. This seems much as though he was to try to escape a bear's hug by anticipating it—embracing the bear first. Any way, Mr. Taft has come down all on Mr. Roosevelt and the Insurgents' side. He denounces reactionaries and is wroth that Mr. Roosevelt has not been selected temporary chairman of the New York Republican Convention. Apparently the Old Guard bosses are left in the cold. But they knew Mr. Roosevelt was against them, and so must have known Mr. Taft very soon would be. Mr. Taft must enjoy his dignified position of puppet-president, over whom everyone looks to the ex-president, who pulls the wires and does the talking. Who is the Toby of this show?

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to judge from a fresh instalment given by the "Times", managed to get into his Regina speech an amount of claptrap exceptional even for an Imperial oration. "The Phoenix"—of course. But here is the jewel ("jewel in the crown," too, of course): "There have been world-wide empires before" (a very generous admission) "but they have passed into oblivion. Such was the empire of Rome and the empire of Napoleon." Angels and ministers of grace! Rome and Napoleon forgotten! Why even Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not forgotten them. Does this orator use words with regard to their meaning or did he think "oblivion" would sound as well as any other big word?

The accounts of the three days' training of the Royal Army Medical Corps make interesting reading. They

are much better copy than the silly season's "Why Men don't Marry", or "The Normal Woman". There is humour in the contrast of the soldier who is allotted for fractured leg being carried in the ambulance eight miles, while his fellow-private, only being marked as grazed forehead, must trudge back to quarters. We can imagine them comparing notes; and we should like to know if it is against the regulations for the wounded warrior lying at ease to chaff the two unfortunates who have to carry his weight several miles on a hot day. The difference between the reality and the pretence must have been rather trying; and the real work for most was no joke for the surgeons, who were kept busy until past midnight.

Fortunately the taxi-cab strike that broke out last week so suddenly did not extend beyond the hundred men of the Waterloo Company. It was ended by Saturday, and the meeting called for the Sunday in Trafalgar Square found itself a day after the fair, as everything was settled. The callers of the meeting were the extremists, who hoped to engineer a general strike out of the small business. All they could do was to cry out that they had been betrayed. The larger of the two cabmen's organisations, which includes taxi- and horse-cab drivers, did in fact get the control of the negotiations, and showed less animosity against the companies and their federation. It has been agreed that the man about whom the strike arose, who had been relegated to a lower grade on account of his low takings, should be reinstated, the question of "extras" and other grievances be inquired into, and the men be represented by the union officials. This was represented as a defeat by the Trafalgar Square speakers, who thought the drivers would have won on all their points if the smaller union had had their way.

The grievance of the taxi-cab drivers is evidently more against the public than against their employers. Tips are falling off, and the public chooses this very moment to accuse the drivers of rolling in ill-gotten wealth; adding insult to injury. The whirligig of time has brought about its revenges. Instead of having the public running after them now, as one taxi-cab driver has said with poetic licence, the taxi drivers have to be equipped with field-glasses to discover fares. It is hard to be one day a wonder and delight and the next to be just a cabman.

Buried treasure is always a popular subject, but the exhumation of buried history has a novel romance of its own. Few Londoners, we expect, realised the number of streams that might claim a natural right of way through the metropolis, until the other day when the Tygris was rediscovered, still active underneath the Elephant and Castle. The younger, rather the older, generation who yet possess reminiscences of the classics are delighted to learn that there actually was another London brook called Effra, and those who hanker for surroundings of historical association may go live in Effra Road, Brixton. The Tygris seems to have left not even its name behind it on the surface of the earth; but Maitland alleged it to have been part of King Canute's trench, the waterway through which he attacked London half a century before William the Norman came to conquer. Imagination trembles at the thought—was it possibly tidal Tygris that Canute vainly bade retire?

This is the drowning season. Whether the proportion of deaths to the number of bathers really increases or not, year by year, is perhaps doubtful; but the record is sadly long. In the last week at least two men have gone under, directly drowned under the eyes of their wives. Naturally this calls forth utmost sympathy; but when we learn that in each case the men were aware that they were running a risk, and had been warned that the coast was treacherous or the tides dangerous, one is indignant too. We are exposed to endless risks in pursuing our daily occupations, even if these themselves are not dangerous trades; but for a man on holiday to pit himself against natural forces, and in consequence lose his life, is not an exhibition of courage but a rather poor bravado.

THE LAND TAX MUDDLE.

M R. LLOYD GEORGE is beginning to be found out. He has himself noticed that it is no longer good enough to let the gutter-press put all the blame on the dukes. Writing on Treasury Chambers notepaper from somewhere in Germany, he has attempted to conceal the collapse of what—questions of political scruple apart—was a very pretty plot. Looking round, some two years ago, for a device which might re-establish the damaged prestige of the Government, Mr. Lloyd George hit upon the notion of an attack on the landlords. He would put them to the trouble and expense of valuing their property. After that he could dish them anyhow. If they valued high they would pay heavier death duties; if they valued low they could be dropped on at the first sale or lease. But the Radical party was not yet ripe for such naked extortion. We find it right to execute murderers, but we do not make them release the drop with their own hands. In a similar spirit of decent compassion it was decided that the expense of valuation should be borne by the State.

From that moment the muddle became inevitable. By way of putting some control over the Government valuers it was necessary to grant a right of appeal. The landowner accordingly has to make a valuation of his own, and this, strange though it may appear to Mr. Lloyd George, cannot be done for nothing. Meanwhile, the officials begin their work, and very properly start by asking for information which the owner can supply. And here the owner must go very warily. His figures may be accepted; they will then form the basis of all future land taxes; and if they are inaccurate, he and his successors will suffer heavily. On the other hand, his figures may be contradicted; in that case he must be able to prove to the Courts that they are sound. Naturally, therefore, he is anxious to make a perfectly true return. But the questions puzzle him, and he wants expert advice. Mr. Lloyd George, in his kindness, has thought of his need. He has appointed some local person, probably quite unskilled in technical matters, to give assistance. The local person is consulted, often after much hesitation. He can suggest one of two courses. He can tell the owner to reply "Not known", and thus pledge himself in advance to accept any figures the Government valuers may put forward. Or he can try to solve the difficulty. He will then consult his superiors, and the knotty point will eventually be referred to Somerset House. The authorities there are helpless. If they lay down a ruling it will be accepted in hundreds of cases, but is in danger of being overthrown hereafter when the Finance Act comes to be interpreted by the Courts. They can therefore do nothing but refer the inquirer to the ipsissima verba of the Finance Act. Such reference brings the landowner back to the point at which he started, and so makes the original muddle complete.

But at this point we light on a second muddle inside the first. The land clauses of the Budget of 1909 were elaborately threshed out in Committee one by one. In almost every clause flaws, either of thought or of drafting, were discovered and amended. But amendments made in this haphazard fashion were sure to conflict with one another, and already the newspapers are full of disputes as to what salient sections of the measure really mean. These issues will have to be settled in the Courts. Until they are determined it will be impossible to deal with points arising out of the questions in Form 4. Until those questions are answered the valuation cannot go on. And to crown all, the valuation process is to begin all over again in 1914.

Such is the nature of the inner muddle. Its core is the expression "site value". The meaning of this quaint metaphysical conception is to be determined by the answers to the questions in Form 4. The Finance Act itself is careful to throw no light on the matter, preferring to use the words in various senses. And the puzzle set to the owner of property is this: He is to declare the value of his land as a building site. He is

to deduct such expenses as may be necessary to make the land ready for building. But he does not and cannot know the character of the building to be erected, though this is the very point by which the preliminary expenses are determined. The business of solving this problem is what Mr. Lloyd George has described as simple. It would be equally simple to direct income-tax payers to make two separate returns, one for their bodies and the other for their souls.

By way of diverting attention from this double muddle, and of securing the help of all the socialist fanaticism in the country, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has surrounded his proceedings with an atmosphere of petty spite. The Act having allowed thirty days as a minimum time in which to make the necessary return, the form of questions implies that this period is a maximum. An indirect result of this is that local valuers, who are supposed to give their assistance gratuitously, are charging for their services. The landowner may well prefer a comparatively small extortion to the risk of a £50 penalty. Again, if a landowner is easily enabled to keep a record of the information he supplies, appeals to the Courts would be facilitated. By way of hindering this, the Inland Revenue officials have been instructed to refuse to supply duplicate forms. Further full details must be given of all land, whether liable to taxation or not. This decision will delay the collection of the taxes already sanctioned. But it has the merit of suggesting to the fanatics that there are more to come and thus stimulating their fervour.

Of the questions themselves it would be cruel to speak harshly. They are based upon the Finance Act and faithfully mirror its unresolved ambiguities. But, whatever their defects, they are at least numerous and searching. The Domesday survey must have done much to bring home the bitterness of conquest to the undisciplined Saxons. But the questions on which it was based are extant; their brief simplicity is worth contrasting with the elaborate verbiage of Form 4.

This document, with its comprehensive inquiries, has at once revealed and intensified the great land tax muddle. It has also exposed the hollowness of the claim that the burden would fall on the great landlords. The average duke is not unfamiliar with the technicalities connected with land. It is his business to understand them, and he has an agent to help him. But the comparatively poor man who has bought a house or a bit of land in the country is really bewildered. What is more, he has no longer the least idea how much his property is worth. The amount of the taxes to which he is liable is beyond his ken. It will depend on the meaning hereafter to be assigned by the Courts to certain clauses of the Finance Act. Had Mr. Lloyd George been less greedy, he would have saved his party a good many votes at the next election. For it is to the owners of land theoretically exempt that the receipt of the inquiry forms has come as a peculiarly disgusting surprise. Not for the first time the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been a little too clever and has consequently overshot the mark.

With Mr. Lloyd George we have no sympathy. He has tried to delude the nation into the belief that a large revenue can be obtained from land and he is now beginning to pay the penalty for his deception. As far as he is himself concerned, we can only hope, and we hope with much confidence, that the disgust now felt will gain much strength by rolling up, and that the failure of his scheme will become even more notorious. But we are genuinely sorry that a large sum of public money should be squandered in an endeavour to define the meaningless. The valuation farce now proceeding cannot be completed. That much follows from the nature of the idea. But the taxpayers of the country are paying a heavy price, both in time and money, for the attempt to give reality to an illusion. We trust and believe that their lesson will not be lightly forgotten. The price is heavy, but it may be worth it; let the muddle go on deepening and spreading till Mr. Lloyd George falls in and sinks.

THE LABOURING PARTY.

"**A**S in 1906" seems likely to be less of a standard than a pious aspiration for the Labour party; unless the Osborne judgment should be their salvation. This may sound like a paradox, but it may also be very good sense. The brilliant success of Labour candidates at the poll in 1906, resulting in what one might call the new birth of a Labour party, was due solely to one thing—the determination to get rid of the effects of the Taff Vale decision. Rightly or wrongly, the best and most powerful elements in the working classes were agreed at any cost to get a Trade Union Act restoring the Unions to their old position of irresponsibility for damage caused by their members. Tory workmen, being members of trade unions, and Radical workmen were equally anxious to be free of the Taff Vale judgment. Organised labour made a great effort to return members working independently of both parties to compel either to pass a reinstating Bill, putting trade unions "as they were". And they succeeded; compelling or terrorising the Government into altering its own Bill to meet the Labour party's views and passing a measure which it admittedly regarded as containing an unjust principle. They have not been able to live up to their brilliant success. Almost from the day the Trade Disputes Bill was passed the Labour party have been going down. Naturally. The matter which had united them and carried them with a rush into Parliament was out of the way, the bulk of those who had voted "Labour" had got what they wanted and had no more enthusiasm for "Labour" as a political party. If it came to politics, they would prefer to vote Tory or Liberal according to their bent of old. As always, the surest way to undo an organisation with an object was to grant the object aimed at. And now we see domestic dissension growing in the party. Even the National Administrative Council of the Independent Labour party is divided against itself. Under what flag? has to be finally settled. No longer can Labour sail under two flags. When it was a question of fighting the Taff Vale decision it did not matter whether a man was a Socialist or an Individualist, Liberal or Tory. But, that out of the way, it soon began to matter very much. The socialists have won and made the Labour party a socialist organisation, dragging the purely trade-unionist bodies with them, though formally dissociated. This in its turn has brought further troubles. Trade unionists who objected to being socialised began to squirm. They had been overridden, but they meant to assert themselves yet. They set the law in motion and the Osborne judgment came. Now it was their turn to chuckle. Trade union after trade union has been stopped by injunction from paying socialist members of Parliament out of trade-union funds. It is evident that before long, unless something is done, injunctions will be out against all trade unions. For the Labour party the position is extremely alarming. Their candidates cannot serve in Parliament without salaries; the party cannot pay them out of compulsory levies, its control is gone. A voluntary levy leaves things entirely in the hands of the volunteers, who can withdraw their support from any candidate who is not *persona grata* to them. This would not matter so much if there were but a small number of members of the party who were not in agreement with the majority and the executive. But, in fact, it is the case of a socialist majority imposing its will on a considerable individualist, or, at any rate, non-socialist minority; and this minority has been immensely reinforced by the inclusion in the party of the Northumberland and Durham miners. Taking in them was a tactical mistake of the socialist executive. Many, if not most, of these northern miners are Liberals, not socialists, and their undigested mass is a weakness to a socialist party. It could hardly have been wholesome in pre-Osborne days, but after that judgment it means acute disorder. The Labour executive will not get this large minority to help with money to support Labour—that is—socialist candidates. It was no doubt a capital idea to get in all the northern miners and make levies on them for

the support of candidates bound by contract to the executive of the party. But the Osborne judgment has upset that calculation.

From its own point of view, there is nothing for the Labour party but to do with the Osborne judgment precisely what was done with the Taff Vale judgment—get it out of the way by Act of Parliament. Can they do it? Will it be a good cry? Will it rally organised labour as opposition to the Taff Vale decision did? Logically it ought to fail as a cry; but, as a matter of electioneering policy and prophecy, we are inclined to believe it will be a great help to the Labour party; in fact, it will save them from a débâcle. As it must really work out, to get rid of the Osborne decision will help the socialists only, because none other will be put up by the Labour party. Those who are returned purely as trade unionists would probably get the financial support required from trade unionists whether compelled to contribute or not. Even on merely political grounds there is no real reason why any but the socialist should be keen to upset the Osborne decision. On truly labour and trade-union grounds it can make no difference at all. Every benefit—sick, burial, strike pay—a member of a union gets he will get equally whether the judgment stands or not. Therefore the whole thing stands on an entirely different footing from the Taff Vale campaign. That equally affected for the worse all trade unionists; it was a purely labour and non-party, non-political cry. This is a party cry, for the object of the agitation is to obtain powers which will be used always against Unionists and against most Liberals. Why, then, should Tory or Liberal trade unionists support this anti-Osborne movement? They would not, if reason settled these things. But very few listen to reason, no matter what party they belong to. Sentiment plays a stronger part. It will be put to trade unionists that they are now disabled from sending their own representatives to Parliament; that the principle of trade unionism is at stake; that as working men they are suffering from an indignity. The terms of the resolution to be submitted to the Trades Congress (and no doubt easily carried) show this. We do not believe the strong Tory trade unionist will be caught by this anti-Osborne cry; he will not vote "Labour" this time; but Liberal trade unionists very largely will; as also the undecided trade unionist and the non-union man who vaguely follow the leaders of organised labour. Thus the anti-Osborne cry is likely to help "Labour" candidates substantially, but it can hardly sweep the working class as it did in 1906.

The present Government, we know, does not mean to introduce the Bill the Labour party wants. This, however, is no guarantee that they would not do it during next Parliament if they came back to power. We have no doubt that they would. Who could, after the experience of the Trade Disputes Bill? Members of the Cabinet, including Mr. Haldane, during the election had expressed strong disapproval of any Bill on the lines of that which they afterwards passed. It will be the same again. If the election showed strong trade-unionist feeling in favour of the Bill the Labour party demand, a Liberal Government would pass it. A Unionist Government would not. There would be no inducement to them to do it. So far as we know, the political use of compulsory levies has never been in the interest of a Conservative Government, but always in favour of candidates directly opposed to the Conservative party.

We have left little space for discussion of the merits of the matter—but really there are not much merits to discuss. That a man who joins an organisation formed and existing for a specific purpose should be compelled by the executive of that organisation to pay money towards quite a different purpose is obviously indefensible, and when that different purpose is actually repugnant to the subscriber there is nothing less than insult. It would be amusing to hear the comments of Labour leaders if a compulsory levy were made by a trade union in favour of a candidate that, though a strong social reformer, was in Imperial, Church, and constitutional questions a Tory. They would see the injustice then quickly enough. It is obvious that if a trade union

wants to be a political as well as a labour force, it must adopt a political line that is not offensive to any section of its members. If Labour members would stick to their own business, labour, they could do this. If they would even hold equally aloof from either party, they could do it for all practical purposes. But they do just the reverse: they take as strong a line on other things as they do on labour, and that line is uniformly anti-imperial; when it comes to a question of parties, they are steady supporters of the Liberal party. By their action they convert a trade union into a Socialist or Liberal organisation. It is more than possible that the ultimate result of their action will be the breaking up of the trade union movement. Working men who join unions for economic purposes will not for ever stand their being turned into mere party organisations. Trade unions, in our judgment, are perfectly right to use their influence in politics and Parliament for trade union ends—economic and social reforms—but not for purposes merely political. Trade unionists who wish to do this must organise themselves on a political basis outside the trade union. Both the Labour party and the trade union movement appear, in the light of the Osborne judgment and the opposition to it, in a perilous way.

ENGLAND'S POSITION ABROAD.

THE British Foreign Office is at the present time subject to so little criticism that a simple man might believe that it deserved none. No Foreign Secretary ever had so free a hand as Sir Edward Grey. His official opponents do more than acquiesce in his policy. They seem to welcome it on nearly all occasions as practically their own. This is, of course, playing the game according to the new rules by which foreign affairs are ruled out of the regular party contentions. On the whole, this may perhaps be accepted as a sound maxim both in principle and practice. What criticism there may be from his own side is largely discounted beforehand by the reputation of his critics. His own high character and parliamentary capacity make his control of the situation at home doubly sure. It is also quite certain that during the last five years he has been working harmoniously with those great influences which are neither parliamentary nor official but undeniably are a powerful element in the conduct of foreign policy.

These things being so, we might well expect to find that English prestige abroad has grown steadily and that English influence has waxed stronger in every direction. The intelligent foreigner credits us with a Machiavellian policy which pursues its course without rest or haste towards its goal whichever party may be in power. If there be such a policy, no Foreign Minister ever had so good a chance of carrying it forward triumphantly as the present Foreign Secretary. But a general stocktaking of our position abroad at the present time does not disclose so satisfactory a balance on the credit side as we have a right to expect. We do not attribute all the blame to Sir Edward Grey. It may perhaps be doubted whether the much-vaunted policy that came into existence ten years ago is altogether such a marvellous conception as has been complacently assumed. There may of course have been mistakes in the way it has been carried out. Certainly our agents have sometimes been at fault, and there is at times a great lack of business-like grasp by our Foreign Office of the requirements of a given situation. But with courage, persistence, and, above all, a clear view far ahead on the part of the Minister, minor defects on the part of subordinates do no great harm.

We have heard so much of the satisfactory results of the Triple Entente that we should naturally look there for the vindication of the policy of the last ten years. Unfortunately we do not find that the position of Great Britain has been strengthened either in reputation or fact since the agreements with France and Russia. We made ourselves partly responsible for European prestige in Morocco by the active part we took in

support of France, but the state of things existing there to-day is, M. Pichon's optimism notwithstanding, a disgrace to everyone concerned. Law and order are still non-existent, and we have sacrificed our strong position as traders without benefiting even indirectly. It is a mystery that Europe allows the continuance of a state of affairs which is a reflection on all concerned.

It is humiliating and unnecessary to dwell on the use we have made in Egypt of the free hand we gained by the agreement with France. Indeed, this was the only substantial advantage we did gain, and the use we have made of it has been to imperil our reputation with Europe as the fittest guardians of Egypt. After an extraordinary lapse of consciousness our Foreign Secretary seems to have been reminded again that there was an Egypt and it required very close attention. A return to sanity in our method of conducting its affairs has been rewarded by a revival of confidence on all hands, by the collapse of revolutionary elements, and by an acknowledged return of British prestige. But a little firmness and common sense would have prevented confidence in us ever being lost.

In the Near East it is not possible for the greatest national self-complacency to be satisfied with our position. The SATURDAY REVIEW has dealt so recently with this unfortunate phase of our foreign policy that we do not propose again to go into the question at length. But while ten years ago Austria was most friendly, we have now rendered her suspicious and almost unfriendly and have bound her closely to Germany. This we have effected without obtaining any of the objects for which we cast her friendship and which we loudly proclaimed we intended to achieve.

At Constantinople we have allowed ourselves to be completely outmanoeuvred. We have entirely lost the position we possessed as the best friends of the Turks, while they have entirely lost their respect for us. We have shown neither strength nor astuteness, and we do not even trouble ourselves to obtain satisfaction for wrongs done to our own subjects. The greatest Mohammedan Power in the world, we have much less influence with the Porte than Germany and in a lesser degree than some other Powers. It is unquestionable that we have lost ground throughout the Near East, where we are regarded as their potential protectors neither by Christian nor Turk.

In what is called in convenient jargon the Middle East we have unfortunately even less reason to be satisfied. Here unquestionably our influence has diminished in the last ten years. By the Agreement with Russia of 1907 each Power was to develop undisturbed within its own zone and we were to pursue our own line unimpeded. They who criticised the Agreement at the time pointed out that we were giving away a great deal more than we were likely to receive, or, indeed, than we could in any case receive. This is now becoming clear to everyone and in every direction. We have not only lost all control in Persia, but we have sacrificed the great influence we enjoyed at Teheran for the benefit of Russia, who now enjoys complete command of Northern Persia. As by the Agreement we deliberately gave up our position in that region, we might have shown our determination to make ourselves supreme in the South, where the inhabitants would welcome the establishment of decent government. This we have not even tried to do. But, while we have neglected to reap even what advantage the Agreement has left to us in Persia, our position in Afghanistan is very gravely impaired by the concessions we made to Russia in allowing her to keep an agent, called commercial, at Cabul. To say that this personage is there for purposes of trade alone is absurd; he will be employed for any purpose for which he may be wanted, and whenever any trouble arises with the Amir we may find his presence highly embarrassing. The abandonment of our objection to the presence of any foreign representative in Cabul was a foolish concession unjustified by any equivalent in return. Not less embarrassing have been the results of the Agreement in Tibet, though here the deplorable consequences have ripened more quickly. Here we entirely abandoned the fruits of the expedition of 1904

and have allowed China to reap them, to Tibet's grievous loss. Even our trade interests have not been protected. We have allowed the Chumbi Valley to pass out of our hands when we might have retained a profitable possession of it on a lease. We have also quite unnecessarily allowed Russia to acquire in Tibet as good a position as, or better than, we do ourselves, though it is true we have also allowed China to jockey us both. It is only fair to admit that this policy was not inaugurated by the present Government. So far as the Chumbi Valley is concerned, the Unionists are to blame, but the Anglo-Russian Agreement is Sir Edward Grey's.

Further East still all experts agree that in China we stand much less well than we did ten years ago. Not long since we were easily the first Power. Japan and Russia now hold the field and the rest of the Powers are nowhere. This is a matter of great and grave importance to us when we remember how large are our trade interests with the Chinese Empire and how very seriously any interference with them would affect great masses of our population. In one other direction where trade is a most important consideration for us we find little consolation. In South America, where for long we held the field, our influence is distinctly on the wane. This is certainly due to the neglect of opportunities by the Foreign Office, for throughout that continent we are allowing the United States or Germany to push ahead of us. This is not due to any spontaneous action by the Spanish-Americans themselves, for they prefer us to the Americans and Germans and our goods to theirs, but we make no attempt to rival the assiduous efforts to assert themselves put forth by our rivals.

In every direction, therefore, we find British influence on the wane, or, at least, we cannot honestly say that our position is as strong as it was ten years ago. Partly, no doubt, this may be due to the policy pursued, which in some respects was inherited by the present Foreign Secretary, but partly it is due to the methods followed. There is laxity in dealing with our agents abroad, and often a failure to grasp the capacities of our rivals and the limits of our own. At all events; when retrogression in varying degrees all round is an established fact, either the Minister, the instruments, or the policy, and perhaps all of them, must be at fault. Certainly the Minister cannot be the heaven-sent statesman the press and the public pretend he is.

SECOND CLASS.

THE proclamation by the Great Western Railway that second class is to be abolished on their enormous system cannot be passed over without comment. Investigation of the causes and effects of this abolition, if pursued on the principle of "cui bono?", will justify not only comment but protest. That conditions move with the times, in this as in other things, may be illustrated by recalling a certain *chef-d'œuvre* of George du Maurier, wherein he shows us, travelling on a platform, Sir Gorgius and Lady Midas, travelling first class; their grooms and lackeys, second class; while the third class includes representatives of science and learning and the arts. By a short flight of the imagination, such as—we venture to think—could well have been compassed by any of those distinguished third classers, we may picture the professor of the party jocularly misquoting the poet of that age :

"It is not true that second class are best,
But first—and third, which are a riper first".

Yet we have changed all that. The enormous growth in facilities for travelling and the corresponding cheapening of fares has caused the people to move about far more freely than of yore, and has brought the railway companies an immensely increased clientele. It has also helped to mix the classes: and to this we have no objection; for no more have we any hesitation in rubbing shoulders with the seedy-looking or the horny-handed than we have any snobbish prejudice against giving Sir Gorgius the loan of our matchbox. But when either of these happy accidents occurs it assuredly gives us pause and provides food for reflec-

tion. Why should we, with our comfortable salaries and that prospect either of a pension or of an avuncular legacy, be enjoying exactly the same privileges as the gentleman who sits opposite? The one spends his days earning perhaps five-and-twenty shillings a week; the other spends fifty pounds a day, it may be, in earning his week-ends. Nor do we wish to travel first; to-day the first-class compartments, in point of actual physical comforts, are scarcely distinguishable from the thirds; they provide no guarantee of sanctuary from the newly wed or other discomfiting objects of charity; and they cost nearly twice as much. No; give us back our seconds, we cry; "medio latissimi ibimus".

The passing of the second class may have been a slow process, but we feel the end is in sight when the Great Western Railway succumbs; for we have, and have always had, nothing but respect and admiration for that great organisation. This is not the only occasion on which it has tried to maintain its honourably distinctive features and yet has been constrained to give in to custom. The removal of the broad gauge is a case in point. When the Great Western Railway Company did away with their remaining broad-gauge track it was with the reluctance of those who knew, as every engineer knows, that the policy was a shortsighted one. It is, indeed, a curious comment upon the power of tradition that, as Mr. H. G. Wells has pointed out, the standard gauge should in fact be a survival from the days of tram-locomotion, and should derive ultimately, through stage-coach and labourer's cart, from the natural diameter of man's noble friend the horse. Yet the presumed causes for the gradual elimination of the second-class compartments appear to be quite as inadequately based on intelligence. It may perhaps be urged—with what we believe to be a confusion of cause and effect—that the public's support of the "seconds" was insufficient; of this more anon. But, during the process of abolition, what intending traveller has been able at a given moment to lay his hand on his heart and say with certainty which lines offered second-class accommodation and which did not? Is there any man of forty who does not remember with anguish the day when he purchased a second-class ticket and was afterwards chagrined to find his train labelled "First and Third Class Only"? Where is the person of moderate instincts who has not at one time or another been compelled to sacrifice the second-class rights, conveyed to him on the return half in his pocket-book, to the necessity of taking a train more conveniently timed than the daily one which alone offers him the coveted privacy? Worse remains behind; in several instances two companies which chance to cover the same ground have agreed to provide alternative routes. Henceforward we cannot travel second class by the South Western line and hope to return second class by the Great Western; and to depart on a holiday second class and arrive home third class consorts ill with our notions of recuperation. It does not need a prophet of great skill to foresee that the South Western Company will, sooner or later, have to gang the same gate.

We urge, however, that there is another and a more serious aspect which it is our duty to consider. It is now a long time since we were first told that we were a nation of shopkeepers, and we have had plenty of time to bring enough logic to bear upon that statement to perceive the corollary, that we live by taking in one another's washing. Our national pride in the liberty of speech, nevertheless, gives us the right to criticise the manner in which the washing is done. In the present instance, if we are told that the second-class compartments are being abolished because they are not patronised enough, that the reason for their removal is a shopkeeper's reason, we submit that any and every organisation that depends for its support upon the great public has a duty to that public more than to its own shareholders. There is a great difference, too, between reducing accommodation and abolishing it altogether. If we may be permitted "parvis componere magna", there is a political parallel to be adduced. We have long held it to be the main function of the State to pay most attention to its people at

the two social extremes; to safeguard the interests of the "workers" and to regard the honour of the nobles. In homely phrase, we say to the controllers of the polity, "Line your dish with a good foundation of paste; see that the crust be not too much puffed up; and the interior will look after itself". But there must be space for the interior. And so, to ascend again to the higher sphere, we hold that the railway companies are in duty bound to provide some accommodation for those who deprecate the Procrustean classification, either first or third. They are by no means an inconsiderable portion of the whole, and it may be that they exercise an influence upon the other classes of which the latter are unaware. Is there not a fable of the belly and the members?

We should make a similar demand even of a business privately owned; and the more collective the ownership becomes, the greater, we think, its responsibilities ought to be; certainly so in such a case as that of our railways, which under modern conditions are as much a "leitourgia" as is education or the telephone system. The very expression "public service" suggests the moral consideration of altruism, though that would lead us too far afield; but, to be quite frank, we do intend to insinuate that if our huge railway corporations are compelled, whether by competition one with another or from whatever cause, to overlook the interests of even a comparatively insignificant number of their customers, the time is rapidly approaching when we must advocate State control for the entire railway system; in which consummation, whether or no it be devoutly wished, we should expect the doctrine set forth above to hold good. Let your first-class clients have their comforts and privileges, and pay for them; see that your third-class travellers are content; but give those who are neither the one nor the other at least a place they may call their own.

THE CITY.

NOTHING could be more depressing than this nineteen-day account now drawing to a close. Markets have been listless, and prices in almost every direction have moved the wrong way except for the bears. The few movements upwards, seldom maintained, have generally been due to bear covering. August necessarily is a dull time, but it has probably beaten its own record for sheer inactivity. Unfortunately there is little sign that things will improve much in the near future. Money is scarce, and must become dearer immediately both in London and New York. With the certainty of a considerable withdrawal of gold for Egypt at an early date, and the drain on the Eastern American banks to assist the farmers over the harvest, an increase in the Bank rate is inevitable shortly, possibly next week. As money becomes dearer, interest in stocks and shares will be lessened, and the autumn boom, so confidently predicted, may have to be postponed. The effect of an increase in the Bank rate could not be better indicated than by the cheers with which the announcement that there would be no change this week was received on Thursday.

Absence of dealings in most markets, rather than the intrinsic demerits of particular stocks, accounts for the drooping tendency. Americans continue to be influenced by the political situation. Mr. Roosevelt's fight with the "bosses" of the Republican party has more than counterbalanced the railway traffic returns, and in the American market Rock Island Preferred alone show a small rise. Other stocks are down in some cases as many as 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ points. Canadians have moved in sympathy, and, notwithstanding another good week's traffic, Canadian Pacifics have been below 193—a fall of nearly 8 points. They recovered to 195 on Thursday. Coppers have slumped, partly in keeping with Americans, partly as the result of fluctuations in the price of the metal. Steps to bring about the proposed copper combination are apparently still being taken, but the difficulties in the way are many, and it has been pointed out that new copper areas in South America and in Africa now being exploited will at no distant

date render restriction of output impossible, unless of course the Trust could extend its control. The outstanding event in the mining market has been the drop in Waihi. A report that the New Zealand Government proposes to levy a tax of three farthings per ton on the output of the mine has sent the shares lower than they have been for years.

The increased dividend of the Standard Bank of South Africa ought to have heartened South Africans, but there has been no public support, and prices are down all along the line. A bald announcement that the Rhodesian gold output for July showed a decrease of £19,456 left the impression that Rhodesian gold resources have been exaggerated. One explanation seems to be that the Globe and Phoenix has suspended operations in order to carry out certain repairs to the shaft. Rhodesians, as a matter of fact, should be looking up. If it be true that an important trust has been formed to take over large holdings in various companies, then the outlook for the investor in Rhodesian companies is bright. Among the companies whose shares will be largely handled by the Rhodesia Trust is the Banket. It is unfortunate that news should be received by the Banket Company of the intention to suspend operations for the present at their Rowdy Boys mines. The consulting engineer's decision that developments are so unsatisfactory as to warrant this step is distinctly unpleasant for all concerned.

Yet another bank amalgamation. A provisional arrangement for the absorption of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, Limited, by Parr's, has been hailed with much interest in the City. In Lancashire there seems to be some opposition, but the scheme is generally regarded as fully protecting local interests, particularly as two of the directors and Mr. T. B. Moxon, the managing director of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, will have seats on Messrs. Parr's board. Parr's, Limited, will now rank fifth in size among the joint stock banks.

INSURANCE.

A FOUR PER CENT. GUARANTEE.

POICY-HOLDERS in a life office combine for the two purposes of protection and saving. According to the kind of policy selected, the protection element, or the saving element, may be the more pronounced, and it depends upon the requirements of each individual whether the one feature or the other should predominate. A policy has lately been introduced by the Confederation Life Association, which has its head office in Toronto, and various branch offices in this country, that is well devised for the purpose of giving a fair amount of protection and a large amount of investment. The policies share in the profits of the life office, and contain certain definite guarantees which give 4 per cent. in various ways. The premiums are limited in number to either fifteen or twenty years, and are naturally high on account of the investment character of the policy. Thus at age thirty-five the annual premium is £54 for twenty years for the assurance of £1,000. The first 4 per cent. guarantee is that, in the event of death within the twenty years, the estate of the assured receives either £1,000 or the whole of the premiums paid accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest, whichever is the greater. In this particular example the sum of £1,000, and no more, is paid at death within the first thirteen years, while if death happens in the fourteenth year the amount payable is £1,027, which is £54 a year for fourteen years at 4 per cent. compound interest. The sum assured under this guarantee gradually increases until, in the event of death in the twentieth year, the sum payable is £1,672: these policies do not participate in the profits of the life office until the end of the fifteen or twenty years selected by the policy-holder, but this 4 per cent. guarantee increases the sum assured and may, therefore, be considered as equivalent to a bonus.

At the end of the period, say, twenty years, another kind of 4 per cent. guarantee comes into operation. The policy-holder receives a yearly income of 4 per cent.

upon the total amount he has paid in premiums. Having paid £54 a year for twenty years, he is guaranteed £43 4s. a year so long as he lives, which is 4 per cent. upon the £1,080 paid in premiums. At his death, whenever it occurs, the sum of £1,000 is paid to his estate. In addition, he receives a bonus, the cash value of which at the end of twenty years is likely to be £385. Having paid £1,080 in premiums, he can draw £385 in cash, leaving his net outlay £695, in return for which he receives a life income of £43 4s., or something more than 6 per cent., and his estate receives £1,000 at his death. The secret of this result, which appears almost too good to be true, is that if the policy-holder survives the twenty years he has, during that time, received no interest on his premiums of £54 a year. On the other hand, he has had the benefit of insurance protection, which is of very distinct commercial value.

At the end of the premium-paying period the policy-holder can deal with his assurance in a variety of ways. He can draw £73 a year for life and have £1,000 paid at his death. If he is in good health he can have £2,405 paid at his death, whenever it occurs, receiving no income from the policy while he lives. Another alternative is to convert the entire value of the policy into a life annuity, in which case, having paid £54 a year for twenty years, he secures £116 a year for the rest of his life. Finally, he can convert the policy into cash to the extent of £1,480, of which £1,095 is guaranteed, and £385 is the probable cash value of the bonus, which of course is not, and cannot be, guaranteed.

When these terms are analysed, and when the value of the insurance protection during the premium-paying period is taken into account, it is seen that the results constitute an excellent and lucrative investment: they entirely avoid the possibility of depreciation in capital value, about which we were writing recently, and enable anyone with a substantial income to invest money year by year in a convenient and satisfactory fashion. The terms are better than most English or Scottish life offices could afford to guarantee, and the reason is not far to seek. It is that the policy contains a large investment element, and a comparatively small protection element; the consequence is that the high rate of interest that can be obtained in Canada plays a conspicuous part, while the disadvantage of the high rate of expenditure incurred by most colonial offices is of less moment under a policy of this kind than under some other forms of assurance. By taking advantage of features of this character, people can obtain good investment policies from offices which are favourably placed in the matter of interest earnings, and good protection policies from other companies where economy of management is a relatively more important matter.

"FRANK" FORSTER AT BALACLAVA: THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

BY GREY SCOUT.

SAVE those who had the good fortune to know Colonel Francis Rowland Forster, whose death at Dublin was briefly recorded last week, few can have realised that one who took a leading part in the famous charge of the Heavy Brigade at the battle of Balaclava in 1854 was till now among us. For "Frank" Forster, as he was affectionately styled by his many friends throughout his long life, left the Army close upon half a century ago. For forty years subsequently he was Master of the Horse to successive Irish Viceroys, and his fine soldierlike figure and noble countenance were known to hundreds who never had the privilege of his acquaintance.

He joined the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards so far back as 1841, and became a captain in a few years. Hence when his regiment was ordered to the Crimea he was a fairly senior officer.

How General Scarlett's handful of heavy dragoons, barely nine hundred sabres strong, flung itself on the huge column of Russian cavalry numbering over three

thousand sabres is a tale known to all Englishmen. It has been always quoted as an historic example how cavalry who allow themselves to be caught moving slowly must be surely overthrown by a foe moving at speed. Sir Edward Hamley has, fortunately, left us in his "War in the Crimea" a living picture how when the Russian cavalry suddenly came into sight over the ridge and, "leaving the Light Brigade unnoticed on their right, swept down in a huge column on the Heavy Brigade", Scarlett quickly formed up his brigade and with the Scots Greys and Inniskillings charged it in front, ordering the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards and Royal Dragoons to attack the flanks. The Russian column as it drew near slackened its pace, so that at the moment of impact the Russians were almost at a halt. "All who had the good fortune to look down from the heights on that brilliant spectacle must carry with them through life a vivid remembrance of it. The plain and surrounding hills, all clad in sober green, formed an excellent background for the colours of the opposing masses : the dark grey Russian column sweeping down in multitudinous superiority of number on the red-clad squadrons that, hindered by the obstacles of the ground in which they were moving, advanced slowly to meet them. There was a clash and fusion, as of wave meeting wave, when the head of the column encountered the leading squadrons of our brigade, all those engaged being resolved into a crowd of individual horsemen, whose swords rose, and fell, and glanced ; so for a minute or two they fought, the impetus of the enemy's column carrying it on and pressing our combatants back for a short space, till the 4th Dragoon Guards, coming clear of the wall of a vineyard which was between them and the enemy, and wheeling to the right by squadrons, charged the Russian flank, while the remaining regiments of our brigade went in in support of those which had first attacked. Then—almost as it seemed in a moment, and simultaneously—the whole Russian mass gave way and fled, at speed and in disorder, beyond the hill, vanishing behind the slope some four or five minutes after they had first swept over it."

It is admitted that if at this supreme moment the Light Brigade had fallen upon the disordered and fleeing Russians, a brilliant victory for the cavalry arm would have resulted. It is an old story how Lord Raglan's order to Lord Lucan for the Cavalry Division to advance was somehow misinterpreted and led to the fatal and abortive charge of the Light Brigade under Lord Cardigan on the Russian guns.

At the moment when Scarlett's order for the 4th Dragoon Guards to charge reached the regiment Captain Frank Forster was riding at the head of the leading squadron in temporary command of the regiment, his colonel and the next senior officer being at the moment away.

Not very long since Colonel Forster was discussing with me the attempt made to ruin the spirit of our cavalry both in South Africa and since by those who should know better, by depriving them of lance and sword. That he, despite his years and early training, was not prejudiced in this matter was shown by the strong approval he expressed of what he styled the "excellent cavalry training" carried out at the Curragh and throughout Ireland by Major-General Rimington, which had come within his personal knowledge. Our conversation naturally led up to the effect of cold steel, and here his views are of peculiar interest, since he admitted freely that the moral effect produced was at times out of all proportion to the amount of physical injury inflicted on an enemy. It was then that I had the supreme pleasure of hearing from his own lips of his experiences on the day of Balaclava. His account, which I jotted down the same day, was as follows :

"When the order came to advance I was in temporary command. There was not an instant to lose, so I gave the word to form line and charge. My squadron, only sixty strong, led our attack. I was riding a thoroughbred mare, and in the excitement of the moment I struck my spurs into her and she got away with me and was some forty yards ahead before

I could pull her in. I had some trouble to do so. We got two hundred yards' full gallop at the Russians—it looked like charging a wall : we were on to them in a moment. I cut at a Russian, but only knocked his busby off ; my sergeant killed him, . . . in ten seconds the Russians broke and fled. All our men were doing the pursuing practice, but with very little effect on account of the thick Russian overcoats. If they could have been made to use the 'point' they would have killed lots : it was like beating old carpets ; I had often wondered what would happen in a cavalry charge, and I was disappointed at the actualities. *Point is everything.* I took the regiment into action, but my commanding officer and major both turned up in the fight, so I lost command. The Light Brigade sat still and did nothing. Had they followed up our charge, they would have destroyed the Russians."

It is an all too brief account of a well-timed and well-delivered charge, and as I copy it out from my notebook I can see the fine old face lighting up as he described those far-off days. Colonel Forster's commanding personality, courteous manner, refined appearance and charm of character endeared him to all who knew him. A fine and daring horseman, he had all the bearing of a man born and bred to lead a cavalry charge or, had he lived in other days, to distinguish himself equally in knightly combat.

Those "two hundreds yards at full gallop" at the head of his beloved Dragoon Guards probably occupied less than half as many seconds as the number of years the gallant old veteran lived ; but to anybody privileged, as I was, to hear him tell his story in the gentlest and most unaffected manner—in short, in his own delightful way—it was easy to see that to him they meant a whole lifetime.

What soldier who has known men like Frank Forster and known what British cavalry have done and will do again, please God, when the day comes, will doubt the existence of a "cavalry spirit"?

WIBBERLEYISM.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Wibberley, in the county of Limerick, is causing great alarm, which has already reached the capital, with exciting letters by him in the papers, and still more exciting letters about him. There is no telling where it will stop, if it stop at all, and the National Cause is gravely affected by it.

Mr. Wibberley is the agricultural instructor engaged under the Department to tell the farmers all he knows, and he has been at the work for years. At first he delivered lectures, showing them how crops could be produced, and how much ; but they would not believe him, and some of them told him so. Then he began to grow the crops himself, getting an experimental plot from a farmer here and there, selecting the seeds, applying the manures, superintending the work, and letting the farmer have the product in return for the soil and his assistance.

At this stage the alarm first began to be acute, but as yet only among a few—those who could see far and put two and two together. Some opposed and denounced his plots on the strong ground that they had always opposed and denounced him, lest he might really show that he was right and they wrong ; but a higher class of critics, seeing the significance to the nation, began to think among themselves : "If this man is allowed to show that profitable crops can be grown, it follows that rent can be paid, and that landlords selling ought to get something for their land. If we don't stop Wibberley, the cause is lost!"

Meantime Mr. Wibberley kept very quiet until he had his first year's results ready for critical inspection, with his tape to measure the land, his scales to weigh the crops and his accounts to show the cost of production. He was trying to show the Irish nation how she could live in Ireland, but he must proceed with caution in such a revolutionary project. There was a rate levied in local taxation in support of the Department's schemes, including Mr. Wibberley's, so that the

local statesmen, however zealous for "the cause", were in a sense Mr. Wibberley's paymasters, and bound, "in the interests of the ratepayers", to examine his results. He fixed the day and invited them courteously, and they came at a time when, as already explained, the full danger of the experiments had been realised only by the gifted few. The bulk of the local statesmen had still no idea as to the depth of his designs.

Having got them together—county councillors, potential members of Parliament, officials of the League and all—Mr. Wibberley measured and weighed and figured up before them, and got his documents duly signed by "the representatives of the people", showing such an enormous return on the capital invested in tillage that the rent of the land came out as a trifle scarcely worth considering; and placing the fact on publicly accepted record, without one voice to differ, that the farmer who went about his business in a proper manner could make an income compared with which the utmost gains of agitation were hardly worth a thought. Of course, Mr. Wibberley did not touch these aspects of the matter. He confined himself strictly to the official point of view.

Mr. Wibberley's results, tested and triumphant, were taken into the official archives as a standard for the nation and a proper proof of the Department's worth for the confusion of the sceptics. The figures were quoted in the land, showing that more than twenty pounds clear could be made from the acre rented at twenty to thirty shillings. Deduct the pasture value at five pounds an acre, and still there was a plus difference of thirteen or fourteen pounds after allowing rent. Who, then, would leave land in grass, with "the bone and sinew" of the nation emigrating?

The statesmen at headquarters, controlling the "National" press, denied the whole thing as a landlords' fiction, and appealed to the local statesmen to support the denial; but the local statesmen, through Mr. Wibberley's mischievous foresight, having already admitted the facts, on the evidence of their own eyes, could not easily pass the usual resolution denouncing Mr. Wibberley as "th' inimy o' the people". Even the magic of the United Irish League could not convert a ton of turnips into ten hundreds; and, with twenty hundreds to the ton, the landlord's fee-simple might be worth something. Worse still, it might suggest that the rent had at no time been excessive, and that the reductions had been secured simply to accommodate the incapacity of the farmers, in which case how could the leaders get the land for the people? A Department of Agriculture, largely endowed, might be very well to find suitable posts for nice young men; but it became an intolerable menace to professionalism in politics unless Wibberleyism were put down with a strong hand. Yet how remove Mr. Wibberley? He was employed at the expense of the State to show the people how they could live well, and the only charge against him was that he earned his salary; a serious charge enough had it not been that his records had been so well established before they could be stopped, and that his official conduct had been at all points strictly correct. It is not easy to dismiss a man for being efficient when the fact is beyond dispute and no other fault can be found.

The local statesmen were in a very awkward position, levying rates on the people to pay a man for raising the price of the landlord's interest in the land! They held meetings—privately. They discussed Wibberleyism. They tried to get the farmers to have nothing to do with Mr. Wibberley. They started rumours to the effect that the official statements previously signed by them were lies. Mr. Wibberley replied to the rumours, and referred the public to the signatures of the local statesmen! Having exhausted all other means of attack, they discovered that Mr. Wibberley was an Englishman, and without considering how many Irishmen made a good living in England they proposed that he must be got out of Ireland as a danger to the National Cause. They had reached this stage at one of the meetings when another and

much more inconvenient discovery was made—Mr. Wibberley was a Catholic! The meeting was adjourned to verify this; and after it was verified, Mr. Wibberley was allowed to remain in Ireland. To their credit, the clergy stood by Mr. Wibberley, who is now in the nature of a fixed institution, spreading his industrial heresies with incessant vigour, and steadily strengthening a position from which he can hardly be removed, unless to lose him in one of the higher posts at a thousand a year, from which he ought to be sayed until he is old enough to retire from active service.

There is another factor in the problem, discussed by nobody. The farmers do not wish to till their land, even for Mr. Wibberley's rates of profit. Why? The usual answer is that they are lazy; but will a poor man throw away fourteen pounds an acre when he can get it by employing his poorer neighbours, working no harder himself? Mr. Wibberley's estimates allow current wages for every hour worked, whether by the farmer himself or by his labourer. Mr. Wibberley has worked his plots with farmers, not with labourers; and he is officially debarred from making any statistical allowance for the amount of the produce which the labourer likes to steal, in addition to his wages. It would be an attack on the character of the Irish nation, and Mr. Wibberley would be dismissed at once. For similar reasons the farmers cannot mention it. Then, in estimating for labour, Mr. Wibberley reckons on what a labourer *can* do; he does not reckon what an Irish labourer *will not* do. The would-be tillage employer has to think of these and many similar things—in addition to the national danger of showing the nation how to live.

Moral: The standard of efficiency in the practical working of the Irish Department of Agriculture is set by an Englishman; and the difference is still greater at the lower end of the agricultural process. Can anyone wonder why Ireland's only great industry fails to prosper, even with an enormously larger amount of money spent on its Department than on the corresponding Department in England?

MUSCOVITE AND ENGLISH MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE Muscovite is a little too much with us soon and late, especially late. At the variety-halls Musco' dancers abound and bands of instruments with a name that sounds like the effort of someone to gargle his throat with a disagreeable hairwash; and during the past few years Musco' music has intruded more and more into our concert-halls. A dancer has only to give a name full of s's e's, h's, and ending in "ov", and she seems at once to secure a remunerative engagement; the player of that delectable instrument, also possessing an unpronounceable name and no musical qualities whatever, need never want his bread in London, though the very greatest composers might, and probably would, starve here; any composition by one of the Russian school—the old or the younger—is rapturously acclaimed immediately by a clique that can find nothing newer to worship. I am heartily sick of the Muscovite—in music, at any rate. The Muscovite musician is not even the genuine article. For the true barbaric Russian music one must turn to a few of the wilder things of Borodin. At times he did let himself run riot. Even Glinka is by comparison a polished gentleman, nearly a Mendelssohn. The Rimsky-Korsakoffs and Moussorgskys are scented barbarians: they remind me of a savage in a silk hat and a collar. So many of their productions, neither native Tartar nor civilised music, have been inflicted upon me of late that I begin to feel as if I had swallowed a steppe steeped in eau de Cologne. The English are surely becoming a very chivalrous nation. It is many years since Mr. Algernon Rose read a learned paper about the Musco' instrument with which the ears of music-hall-going London are at present being bedinned; but until Japan beat Russia none of us paid any attention. Then, apparently feeling pity for folks that were down, we took their instru-

ments, their players, their dancers, all to our manly and womanly bosoms, and we can't have enough of them. Well, perhaps so much the better: in a few years they will plague us no more: the eager seekers after new crazes and new sensations will have found more novel novelties.

Mr. Henry J. Wood undoubtedly did a good work in introducing a certain amount of Musco' music to England. It was interesting to find out what was being done by men of a race so widely different from ours that one would almost think they belonged to a different species. But Mr. Wood has carried the game as far as it can be carried. The proof is that nothing he now plays of the Musco' school sounds new. Every fresh piece recalls other pieces we have already heard. Take, for instance, a suite by Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Eve of Christmas", played, and very admirably too, on Tuesday night. I challenge anyone with a real sense of music and its meaning to lay his hand on his heart and swear that was worth sitting through. A Musco'-mad Schumann might speak with enthusiasm of its "heavenly length"; but it impressed me merely with its interminable meandering. It is true that what we have learnt to recognise as the Russian atmosphere is there; it is also true that some characteristic Russian rhythms are there. But of those two elements, rhythm and atmosphere, a musical work of art cannot be constructed without constructive power. It cannot be too often insisted that music far more nearly resembles architecture than painting: in long pieces, at any rate, the building faculty is required. In nothing of Rimsky-Korsakov that I have ever seen or heard is there any constructive ability manifested, any sense of architectonics. He takes a bit of melody, wild, savage, with the snowy winds sounding in it—and he repeats it in this key and in that until one's ears are utterly fatigued; or he takes a few bars of rhythm and repeats that rhythmical passage again and again, and once more again and again, until one's nerves are rasped and filed, so to say, into a state of white heat. At moments on Tuesday night it looked as though this suite would never terminate. Had I not been puffing at my pipe in a contented frame of mind I should certainly have bolted long before the end; and had that catastrophe taken place it would have been impossible to convince me that the suite had yet ended. There is no internal reason why it should have ended. It is the sort of music which, arranged for a mechanical piano, might go on and on until the Day of Judgment arrived or the piano broke down, quite worn out. In a word, there is no growth, no development; it starts away with a few phrases, and those phrases are made the victims of a trick of damnable iteration, until at last, one fancies, the composer must have come to the conclusion—not a hasty or premature conclusion—that he had given the public enough.

Tuesday night is, I believe, a Russian night at the Promenades. That is possibly why we got a fine English composition sandwiched in between two Musco' contributions. In a moment I will come to this English composition, a piano concerto by Mr. York Bowen; but such a thing as "Humorous Scena", "The Musician's Peep-show", by Moussorgsky, must not lightly be passed over. Moussorgsky was a Musco' composer, and therefore a great and distinguished composer; and I declare this scena of his to be the least humorous piece of music I have ever had to listen to. The thing was sung with infinite spirit by Mr. Thorpe Bates, and more than once he won what theatrical comedians term "a laugh"; and he deserved this because he consciously, not accidentally, made the thing laughable. But I am quite sure that most of the audience were bored. Moussorgsky wrote the scena to let off his feelings regarding certain unimportant Musco' critics he did not like, as probably they did not like, or would not say they liked, his music. The "libretto", so far as can be gathered, was written by a critic who said he liked his music. Whether he seriously liked it, or only said he did, is a matter on which civilised mankind may speculate, if so disposed.

The critics come on, each in his turn, and sing songs in self-glorification, and finally they all fall down before some Archduchess and promise to sing in favour of anyone she chooses to designate, provided she showers gold upon them. What amount of gold had been showered upon the librettist himself is not stated. Moussorgsky's music, with the exception of a few passages, is neither amusing nor beautiful; and had it not been written by a Musco' Mr. Wood would not have played it. But Mr. Wood himself has scored "the work"—originally written for voice and piano only—for full orchestra, and some of the effects for a tin tea-tray and cheap china set with Britannia-metal teaspoons are wonderfully fine and in keeping.

It is not my intention to preach against the Musco' school as the Musco' school: simply I protest against very poor stuff being unloaded on the careless English market as gigantic works of art, as examples that should be imitated. Nobody in civilised Europe cares twopence for the opinions of the critics ridiculed in Moussorgsky's scena; no one should take Moussorgsky's music seriously. Our English musicians are two hundred years ahead of all the Russians ever born. In some later article I will discuss more carefully some of the English works—and they are not too many—already given by Mr. Wood; for the present I must content myself with a few words about one. Mr. York Bowen's piano concerto is one of the most brilliant compositions, in a form I abominate, brought to the world's notice for many years. Its fault is that it is too consistently brilliant: one wanted to feel more of the soul and mind of its creator, and to think less of his cleverness of writing for the fingers, and less of the cleverness of his own fingers. But, with the possible exception of D'Albert, there is no composer living abroad who could write such suave, energetic, and steadily sparkling music. The last movement, with its direct, almost Beethovenish, principal theme, fairly carries one along with it—and no higher compliment could be paid to any composition. The opening goes a trifle lame at times, and the scherzo is painfully reminiscent of one Mendelssohn; but the finale stands, an honest, straightforward thing, with a real purpose behind it. Mr. Bowen played it with quite as much energy as was requisite. Unluckily, Mr. Newman or Messrs. Chappell saddled him with, or saddled him on the seat of, a piano that sounds well in noisy passages and even better in soft ones, but has no mezzo-forte. I beg to call the attention of the responsible persons to this fact, because the defect was even more noticeable on Wednesday night, when Miss Myrtle Meggy played a Rubinstein concerto. There are concertos—or at least movements of concertos—where the whole thing is a suppressed fortissimo; there are pieces, such as the bulk of Chopin's, where a constant piano is wanted, only swelling at times to a mezzo-forte, which then sounds like a forte. But in some compositions—Rubinstein's D minor concerto and Mr. Bowen's are examples—the ordinary level demanded is just a mezzo-forte: now it may swell to a forte or fortissimo, now diminish to a piano; but the level, average volume of tone is requisite if the effect is to be made. As this piano at Queen's Hall has no mezzo-forte, it should be taken away at once to give the players and the compositions a chance.

Some other fine bits of work have been done at the Promenade Concerts since the opening. Mr. Wood's rendering of the big E flat symphony of Mozart had its good points, but was much too heavy; Mr. Julien Henry sang "Revenge! Timotheus cries" with plenty of spirit. But these and many other things will have to wait for notice here until my next article.

CLAIR DE LUNE.

"A H, ça va mieux." It is a general sigh of satisfaction. Dinner is over, and the diners and all the world, after a tiring day in hot sunshine, are at peace. A gentle breeze sends a flicker down the line of candles and lamps on the little tables outside the

"guinguette". Through the branches of the chestnut trees, high above the tables, the moon shines down softly as it rises full and yellow over the woods of Meudon. The solitary waiter, after ferociously crying "Voilà, voilà, m'sieu!" for the past two hours, has recovered breath, and leans, contemplative, against a tree; vaguely happy to be at last standing still. At the little tables the diners have become sentimental over the coffee. Hands clasp hands, and a terrier on a chair, who rudely disturbs the amorous stillness by barking at a slowly moving couple passing down the road, is shaken and scolded whisperingly into silence. Cigars glow; cigars of three sous, but strongly odorous, and altogether very effective as the smoke curls upwards in the moonlight. On a stool near the open door of the "guinguette" an old man thrums lovingly and softly on a guitar. He plays well, and has ranged from ambitious operatic extracts to "Viens, Poupoule" and "Elle avait une Jambe en Bois"! But all is welcome. The soft strains suit the languorous mood of the moment, and twice already he has passed the hat round. His face beams in the glow of the lamplight as he sits down again to his instrument. Art is appreciated; these people are lovers of music; his pocket is heavy with coppers. Far down in the valley Paris lies widespread and twinkling with lights. It is hot and dusty down there. The streets are still radiating heat after the glare of an August day. Here on the hill-top a breeze moves. Soon the diners are to descend again into Paris, but at present they refuse to think of it. They are alone with the whispering trees and the soft moonlight: far from the staring lights and the clatter of the streets and boulevards. They would linger for ever, watching the smoke curl upwards and listening to sweet music after dinner. The old man commences to strum "Au Clair de la Lune"; softly and with melting pauses. A sympathetic "frisson" seems to run down the line of tables. The terrier sleeps on his chair. The waiter's eyes are turned upwards. Sighs ascend with the cigar smoke. The old man bends lower over his guitar.

Suddenly, like a thunderclap, a horrid noise streams from the open windows of the "guinguette". People rouse themselves with a start, and gaze angrily in the direction from which the noise comes. "Au Clair de la Lune" wavers and stops. Protests arise from the tables. "C'est idiot, cette machine-là!" says somebody. "Jump on it!" cries another. The old man has risen and, fingering his instrument, gazes helplessly through a window into the room whence comes the noise. A sentimental diner calls him to her and presses a fifty-centime piece into his hand. "It's a shame", she says sympathetically, and the artist is moved. "Cette machine-là, c'est dégoûtante! One cannot struggle against that sort of competition!" he says. The noise continues. The waiter has recovered, and busies himself with the bills. The spell is broken. People start to hum loudly, and leave the tables and the moon, and walk across the grass into the lamplight of the "guinguette". Several couples are already dancing in the large room, and a group stands irresolutely round the automatic piano which has so rudely silenced the old man's guitar and is still banging out a cake-walk at a furious rate. The appeal becomes too strong; "Au Clair de la Lune" is forgotten, and the group breaks up into couples who join those already whirling. Under the trees and the moon sentiment is still triumphant at several tables, and the effect of the old man's melody remains. But soon the insistent cake-walk and the sound of shuffling feet call the lingering couples also, and they rise to join the others in the dancing-room. The old man is left alone with the waiter, who dismantles the tables and puts them in a pile against a tree. "These people would sit all night", he says. "It is time la patronne started the machine!"

Inside the ballroom the "machine" is playing vigorously. A waltz has succeeded the cake-walk, and the dancers are already becoming thirsty with the heat and the dust. Mme. la Patronne, rather severe of countenance, stands watchful near the piano, ready to

thrust in a new roll of music as soon as the one in the "machine" shall be finished. The dancers must pay, and for the long rolls it is necessary to put twopence or even threepence in the slot, according to the printed tariff on the side of the piano. But there is no lack of music. The "machine" goes on grinding out waltzes and polkas; the room is full of dust. Hot brows and red faces are mopped, and the waiter brings sirops of all colours, and bock. Some of the dancers are stout, but lack nothing in enthusiasm. One, a well-preserved monsieur of fifty or more, who wears his hat very much on the side of his head, speaks English, and insists on saying "All right!" at every possible moment: a sally which never fails in humorous effect. "Il est drôle!" murmurs a motherly soul who sits gripping a glass of grenadine and finds it difficult later to resist his invitation to waltz. She has to plead that the head and the heart and "l'estomac" would all be endangered by such an adventure. The younger dancers occasionally find the heat of the room oppressive—"Il fait chaud", says one, settling her hat, which is awry; "Prenons l'air un peu", says the other—and wander off for a promenade under the trees. The old man, his guitar in a case, sits in a corner, his fingers itching for melody, looking stolidly at the implacable "machine", which eats up one roll of music after another.

There is something like a panic when it is discovered that it is after eleven o'clock. The last boat has gone long ago, and the Parisians troop down the hill in the moonlight, some of them rather unsteady and all very tired, with only a quarter of an hour for the train. On the platform the old man takes out his guitar and starts again to play "Au Clair de la Lune": his eyes closed, a prey to emotion. But the train steams into the station and he is forgotten in the excitement of finding carriages. Standing alone on the platform he sends a few parting chords after the train as it steams out and loses itself in a tunnel for Paris. But nobody heeds him. "Que je suis fatigué!" says the monsieur who speaks English, and goes to sleep, murmuring, with a last tribute to the holiday spirit, "All right!" Others follow his example, and it is a sleepy crowd that tumbles out of the train at Montparnasse to rush for omnibuses and tram-cars. On the top of a motor omnibus the monsieur who speaks English composes himself to sleep again. "It is good to go to the country", he murmurs to his companion as the vehicle plunges recklessly down the Rue du Bac. "Mais, comme ça fatigue!"

THE BIRDS OF EXMOOR.

ON Exmoor, where they hunt the wild red deer and where mists are well known, they have this saying, that when the mist goes a-hunting the weather will be fine; wet when it goes a-fishing. The great Exmoor plateau is bounded on its northern side by the Severn Sea. What the old saw implies, therefore, is that a hunting mist comes with dry north winds, and a fishing mist from the warm, wet south.

There is sunshine in the valley this morning, though on the hills around grey cloud-caps, drifting inland before a stiff nor'-westerly breeze, give warning of mist on the moors which goes a-hunting. If, heedless of warning, you climb to the high moor, you will soon become aware, in spite of the proverb, that this fair-weather mist which rolls up in dense waves, blotting out the landscape, can be as wetting as rain. At intervals a watery sun will strive to break through the leaden pall, and then, away to the south, like some threatening headland sighted suddenly by mariners on a rocky, fog-bound coast, the huge outline of Dunkery Beacon will show for an instant dim and shadowy, to disappear as quickly in the thickening scud. The most incorrigible of optimists, plodding onward and upward mile after mile through soaked and dripping heather in this all-pervading gloom, may well feel depressed; and the mournful hoot of a fog-siren far away on the other shore of the broad estuary, moaning through the mist like some monstrous beast in pain, will not tend to raise his

spirits. But just as the outlook seems most hopeless the fog begins to waver and thin. Of a sudden blue sky appears overhead, spreading wider and wider as the sun scatters the mist; and, stripped of its murky shroud, the great undulating moor, a sea of sombre brown blotched here and there with green, lies open to the view. Far below in a valley to the west Oare water, a silver thread, gleams as it races over its rocks. The mist dispersed, the moor birds, hitherto dumb, bestir themselves in the comforting warmth. Meadow-pipits with jerky flight dart protesting from the path; a black-cock sails away up-wind; happy skylarks mount in air, pouring out torrents of song; and an agitated wren, resentful of your presence, first scolds, then sings defiantly. This moorland region can boast of its buzzards, its ravens and its black game; but, while we admit the claims to distinction of lordly inhabitants such as these, the true bird of Exmoor is the wren. He is to be found everywhere, in heather of the high moor, in wooded coombes, in gorse-clumps, and in the hedgerows of the valleys. And he is as self-assertive as ubiquitous. For one thing he is an irrepressible singer. Not even the languors of August, which silence other birds, can quench his sturdy spirits. And when he is not singing he is scolding in those sharp rattling tones which seem to express not alarm but defiance. We have been stormed at by an angry wren in waist-high heather close to the summit of Dunkery Beacon. Another bird which is exceedingly abundant in all the valleys and coombes is that pertinacious songster the chaffinch. Tennyson said that the chaffinch "will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er For all one April morning till the ear Wearies to hear it". But perhaps more trying than the reiterated song is the piercing monotonous cry—"Weet, weet"—which the bird utters in the spring with untiring persistency.

Less than two years ago the tail-feather of a Great Bustard was found in the heather of the moor. The feather was frayed and worn and had probably lain in the heather for many months. Time was, a century since, when the Great Bustard bred on Salisbury Plain. Though as a breeding species this magnificent bird has so long been extinct, now and then stragglers find their way to England during migration, to meet the almost inevitable fate of such rare and distinguished visitors to this inhospitable country. We once had a talk with a gamekeeper in the South of England, who told us that his former employer, a wealthy landowner in a western county, instructed him and his fellow-keepers to have a sharp look-out for any rare bird, so that it might be shot and added to their master's collection. The greatest rarity this keeper ever saw and shot was a female Great Bustard. "I didn't know what the bird was", he said; "it flew like a goose. Everybody was talking about this strange bird, so I shot it. The missus says, 'You'll get two months in—Gaol for shooting that bird'." A wholesome dread of the Wild Birds' Protection Act made him hold his tongue about his exploit, but the bustard no doubt duly graced the collector's museum. Probably a like fate awaited the bird that shed its feather on Exmoor. Strange to say, in Shropshire, in the same year, another Great Bustard's feather was picked up as fresh as though newly dropped.

In the depths of a wood in summer there is, apart from the louder noises of birds, an incessant undersound—the mysterious murmur of insects and of gently stirring leaves. But as one listens intently there will come a hush—a silence so intense that for a moment all Nature seems to hold its breath. Then with startling suddenness a twig or fir-cone will fall to the ground with a crash, and at the cue, as it were, all the wood-voices—birds, insects, leaves—will begin to speak again. So it was on the moor. Over the great barren lifeless waste, at a spot where it stretched unbroken to the horizon on every side, there fell a tense stillness, a complete cessation of sound which was almost overpowering. One stood alone, it seemed, in an empty world, where immemorial silence brooded over earth and sky. Next moment abruptly the spell broke. With a piercing violence which made one wince a skylark burst into

song; the rising wind hummed through the heather again, and, borne on the re-awakened breeze, the faint sound of tumbling waters reached the ear.

Hereabouts a steep-sided narrow ravine, or "goyle", cuts a deep gash in the high tableland; through the ravine a little peat-stream rushes musically over its rocky bed. Stunted, gnarled old thorns and oaks grow on the banks, and here among the bushes four ring-ouzels, not long returned from wintering abroad, were fighting and courting. Very handsome the male birds looked in the sunshine, their white gorgets conspicuous. These are probably the earliest migrants to reappear at their breeding-grounds on the moor. The ring-ouzel is a true denizen of the wild; he lacks the smug plumpness of his near relative, the blackbird. The blackbird is a Jacob, stay-at-home, prosperous and sleek; the ring-ouzel a wandering, untamed Esau. There is, to adopt a nautical phrase, something rakish about his build: a continual alertness and vigilance in his manner in keeping with the solitudes he haunts. These birds, in shape and in the colour of their back plumage, remind one forcibly of the American robin so-called, which, however, is not a robin but a thrush with a red breast.

Close to these moorland streams the dipper, another bird of the wilderness, makes its home. In dark coat and spotless white waistcoat the dipper looks very trim as he stands on a rock in the middle of the current bobbing and bowing. (Is it to his own reflection in yonder pool he curtseys?) But these obeisances are signs of alarm, and presently, with a shrill cry, he will fly straight and fast up-stream. The eyelids of the dipper are edged with white, and he is in the habit of blinking them incessantly. In summer the dipper is fond of sitting quietly in some shady nook at the edge of a stream. The bird is not easily seen in its dark corner, motionless and apparently asleep. Watch, however, and you will find that it is wide awake, for out of the gloom luminous sparks seem to flash continually from its eyes as the blinking eyelids open and shut.

Curlews nest on these moors every spring, but at this time they had not yet appeared at their breeding-haunts. They still frequented the low-lying marshes and the neighbouring pebble beach at the water's edge. On the marshes, too, just now were many sheldrakes, those large, handsome sea-going ducks which breed in rabbit-burrows. White and black and chestnut-collared, they made vivid patches of colour on the green of the marsh. They were surprisingly tame when we saw them, and would allow their feeding and love-making to be watched from a comparatively short distance. There were fully thirty of these fine ducks scattered about in a very small area. Once a panic seemed to seize them, and practically the whole flock took wing and flew out to sea. In the air the strongly contrasted plumage of the heavy birds was very striking. They seemed as they flew to bear some resemblance to gannets, not in shape or size, but in the aspect of their shining white bodies and black-tipped wings.

One of the finest sights on the moor, and one, happily, that can be enjoyed nearly every day, is a buzzard wheeling and soaring high in air. A buzzard sitting lethargic on a rock looks merely a heavy, sluggish creature, but up in the blue, his broad wings with up-curved tips bearing him round and round in ever-widening circles, he is the very embodiment of easy, effortless power. The buzzard in all his movements is essentially dignified and leisurely. There by the stream three of these great brown hawks, probably two males and a female, hove into sight over the brow of the hill. They were treading a stately measure, as it were: an aerial grand chain, a rite to be performed without hurry, but with due and fitting deliberation. Presently one of them seemed to be seized with a desire to indulge in a little decorous love-making. It stopped in its dance and swooped at the bird below. But there was no haste, no youthful ardour, in its advances. The flirtation, if such it were, was conducted on eminently prim and precise lines, and soon ended. One of the birds, perhaps the rejected suitor, drifted away from his companions, and after a few moments he was

engaged in vigorous combat with a pair of crows which had attacked him viciously as he sailed overhead. Now at last this *roi fainéant*, when danger threatened, threw off his indolence and swooped fiercely earthward time after time as he repelled the assaults of his aggressors.

A farmer whom we met by chance directed us to the "buzzard-hawk's" nesting-place. In another narrow goyle, with grassy banks shelving steeply to a tiny streamlet, there were three nests. Two of them, huge structures in the forks of ash trees, had probably been built long ago and been occupied again and again in other years, but were now untenanted. From the top of one a tuft of coarse grass was sprouting. Further on a row of ash trees grew, one above the other, from the bottom of the goyle to the top. In one of these trees was another nest with the tail of a sitting buzzard showing over the edge. We climbed up the side of the hill and from the sloping ground above looked full on to the faithful bird pressed closely down into the nest in a vain attempt to avoid detection. It must have been a nervous work for that poor buzzard to be watched at such close quarters, but the devoted bird sat bravely on till we clapped hands. That outrage, however, was more than she could bear, and, rising from the nest, she flapped heavily away, and one could hear her melancholy cry wailing down the valley.

CORRESPONDENCE.

YOUNG TURKEY AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club, 23 August 1910.

SIR,—As a reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW, I have studied with deep interest your article under the title of "Young Turkey and the Triple Alliance" published on 13 August. My interest in the subject has been such as to lead me to hope that you will allow me to trespass upon your valuable space in order to discuss and to comment upon a few of the many details contained in that article. My excuse for addressing you is that since the advent of the new régime in Turkey—a régime which has undoubtedly carried with it many beneficial changes—I have spent nearly eight months in South-Eastern Europe and in Asia Minor. My travels have led me into all the Balkan countries (except Roumania) and I have visited Crete, besides making a journey by land from the southern coast of Asia Minor to the shores of the Bosphorus.

As your article so correctly states, the attitude of the Hellenic Government and of the Ottoman Greeks towards the Young Turks has of late been anything but provocative. Throughout the many months of the acute stages of the Cretan crisis Athenian statesmen and Ottoman Patriarchs have maintained a calm and correct attitude towards the Sublime Porte. In spite of this, the boycott of Greek goods—which during last year was certainly, and which at present is probably, supported by the Turkish Government—still continues. As massacres under the old régime were always begun and ended by order, so could this boycott be terminated were the Young Turks honest in their endeavours to bring about such an end.

The lives of the every-day Christians in Turkey are affected by other more far-reaching hardships than the boycott. Sometimes it is against the Greeks and sometimes against the Bulgarians that attention is directed. Nobody who has not travelled in the Ottoman Empire can understand the difficulties which have to be encountered by the various Christian races who live in the dominions of the Sultan. Whatever may be the immediate cause of the ill feeling between the Turks and the subject-races—be it the question of churches and schools or other things—it is at the privileges of the Christian communities that the Young Turks desire to strike a deadly blow. Although, were Turkey a well-governed and really constitutional country, it might be reasonable for the Ottoman Government to curtail some of the non-religious privileges of the Christian communities, yet whilst the Empire is ruled by a packed Parliament, and as long as the Committee of Union and Progress,

whether openly or secretly, continues to be an "influence behind the Throne", it is only natural that the heads of the Christian Churches should strain every nerve to prevent the curtailment of their privileges—be they religious or be they civil.

There is no doubt that Albania has only been pacified "on the surface". In the past not only the differences between the Tosks and the Ghegs, but also the tribal system of the Ghegs, have been a great weakness to the Albanian cause. Practically each tribe in Northern Albania has made a separate resistance to the recent Turkish advance on Scutari—a plan of operations hardly likely to ensure success to the brave Arnauts. In spite of this, there is no doubt that the Albanians, although they are composed of the followers of three great religions, are united in their intention to remain one nationality and to speak one language and to write with the same alphabet. Local risings have taken place and have been temporarily put down in the north, but it yet remains for the Young Turks to decide whether the Albanians shall form a strong bulwark within the Turkish Empire against all comers or whether this warlike people are to be compelled for the moment to continue in a state of unrest and later on to become an independent or semi-independent State on the shores of the Adriatic.

During the early days of the Constitution the Turkish Ministry (perhaps at that time of necessity) was filled with men who were mere puppets of the Committee of Union and Progress. Kiamil Pasha, in my opinion—old as he is—the greatest of Turkish statesmen, was removed from office for quite inadequate cause and in a most unconstitutional manner. Subsequently the position of a Christian then occupying a post of the utmost importance in the Turkish Cabinet was made untenable, with the object of replacing him by a man obviously as much his inferior in brains as his superior in arrogance. The case of the post-office official—honest as I believe this man is in his desire to do well—is proverbial from the borders of Bulgaria to the southern coast of Asia Minor.

Throughout the months during which the Young Turks have not been averse from finding a convenient cause to bring about hostilities with Greece, the attitude of Bulgaria has probably been largely responsible for the maintenance of peace. In spite of the undeniable reforms which have been effected in the Turkish army, it is even now open to doubt whether in case of hostilities between Turkey and Bulgaria, in the earlier stages at least, the army of the Sultan or that of King Ferdinand would prove victorious. Whilst the Bulgarian army—complete in men, equipment and organisation—could be mobilised at least 200,000 strong in but a few days (more men would be available later), the Turkish army (perhaps possessing a war strength of 1,150,000 men), largely owing to its defective territorial system, could not be placed on a war footing for many weeks. During the last Turko-Greek war King Ferdinand was rewarded for his neutrality by the addition of two bishoprics to the Exarchate—a reward which now or in the near future would hardly prove sufficient.

The fact that the Great Powers have not insisted on any adequate reparation for the losses which their subjects sustained during the Adana massacres clearly demonstrates the present attitude of Europe towards the Ottoman Government. Although after careful investigation on the spot I feel pretty sure that at least 25,000 Christians were cruelly butchered, and in spite of certain treaty obligations expressly undertaken by Turkey, such is the rivalry between the Powers of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente that scarcely a word has been said to enforce the punishment of those who, even according to the Young Turks themselves, are responsible for the murder of thousands of Ottoman Christians and the destruction of the possessions belonging to foreign subjects.

I am not hostile to the new régime in Turkey, but I hope yet to see the establishment of liberty, fraternity and equality in the Ottoman Empire.

Yours faithfully,
H. CHARLES WOODS.

"A MANGLED MASS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

54 Great Marlborough Street W. 23 August 1910.

SIR,—We note in your issue of the 20th inst. a critique of the adaptation of Byrd's "Communion Service in 5 Parts", by S. Royle Shore. We beg to inform you that this edition has been withdrawn from circulation.

Thanking you beforehand for inserting this notification,

We are yours faithfully,

For Breitkopf and Härtel,

O. H. KLING.

[We are glad to hear this. Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel have at any rate done their best to rectify a mistake.—ED. S. R.]

"NOT CHATTERTON."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 August 1910.

SIR,—The SATURDAY REVIEW for the 13th inst. contains an attack upon my character in connexion with my new work "The True Chatterton". As long as your reviewer contents himself with impugning the evidence of Chatterton's sister and schoolmaster, and with expressing contempt for poems which have elicited the world's admiration, he may well be left to the judgment of your readers; but when he assails my veracity, it is time for me to act. My book is offered to the public as "from original documents". Your reviewer positively asserts, of its "nearly three hundred and fifty pages", "extremely little of this has hitherto escaped publication". I am quite prepared to prove in a court of law that this statement is false. From end to end my book is replete with new matter not only drawn from known manuscript sources but from much correspondence which has never yet seen the light: records unavailable to any previous writer have been drawn upon.

In order to bring my qualifications into contempt your reviewer takes words and sentences from their context and gives them meanings never intended, as when he states that I highly commend a comparison of "Ælla" with the Greek tragedians; or asserts that I said Chatterton "would have become the greatest dramatist of his time". This is mere invention to suit your reviewer's purpose. I did not make, as he asserts, a general defence of Chatterton's "modern English poems", as they do not need it, as not intended for publication, but merely alluded to certain impromptu pieces. His suggestion that I would certainly suppress lines which did not suit my purpose, and use words about Horace Walpole only as a partisan, may appear smart to him, but they are aspersions on my integrity. Such reckless language cannot be explained away.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

[The "saeva indignatio" of unpraised authors may be natural, but is a nuisance. Would it not be a good rule for them to cry out either in court or not at all?—ED. S. R.]

MR. SKIMPOLE'S CHRISTIAN NAME.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden W.C.

16 August 1910.

SIR,—Mr. Skimpole's Christian name was originally Leonard, but Dickens altered it, after certain parts of the book had been issued, to Harold.

The character of Skimpole was moulded, so far as certain peculiarities and traits were concerned, on that of Leigh Hunt, and a great deal has been written from time to time on the subject. Leigh Hunt's friends drew his attention to the similarity, and Dickens was persuaded to alter and tone down some of the passages to which exception might be taken.

"I have again gone over every part of it very carefully", he writes to John Forster at the time, "and I think I have made it much less like. I have also changed Leonard to Harold."

In Forster's "Life of Dickens", Book 6, chap. vii., the whole circumstance is explained, and Dickens referred to it again in an article he wrote for "All the Year Round", entitled "Leigh Hunt: a Remonstrance". This article appears in the volume of "Miscellaneous Papers" which I collected and published a year or so back.

It may be that Dickens missed correcting some of the references in the first edition of "Bleak House", but in all editions since he made his final corrections and emendations to all his books in 1867-8 published by Chapman and Hall, his original publishers, the Christian name of Skimpole is correctly printed Harold in the passages Mr. Algernon Warren quotes.

Mr. Warren must have therefore either read "Bleak House" in the original edition, or in one of the editions printed from the original edition by another firm after the copyright had lapsed.

Yours very truly,

B. W. MATZ

(Editor of "The Dickensian").

SPAIN'S CATHOLICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 August 1910.

SIR,—In the REVIEW of 30 July, p. 150, you say that the Catholic and Roman Church is "decadent in Spain"; in the REVIEW of 6 August, p. 159, that "Spain's Catholicism is deep and very real". Your regular readers will know well enough that the latter statement, since it is consonant with fact, cannot but represent your real views; the former statement is likely to puzzle many of them. I explain it as having escaped you—together with the whole of the shorter notice in which it is contained—in a moment of natural human indignation at the persistency of the ridiculous canard that your independent journal sacrifices independence and judgment in defence of the Catholic and Roman Church. If any proof were needed that you were not of us, or in religion with us, I would cite your recent laudatory review of Salomon Reinach's notorious "Orpheus".

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CATHOLIC AND ROMAN.

THE NEW COINAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Exeter, 9 August 1910.

SIR,—Referring to the imminent new coinage, is it too late to put in an earnest plea for the restoration on our bronze of the ship and the lighthouse?

These were taken off in '95, and no one appears to have the least idea why or at whose original instigation. There is reason to believe that their resumption would be acclaimed by hundreds of thousands of Britons, colonial as well as home-grown.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
H. MAXWELL PRIDEAUX.

A PRIZE FOR FLYING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 August 1910.

SIR,—As a fairly constant reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW, I note with consternation that you are getting behind the times. You must at once outbid and outdo all other publications by offering a prize of £100,000 for the first man who flies without a stop from London to the moon. This will attract considerable attention. Precautions must be taken to ensure that the prize goes to the right person. It would be silly to give £100,000 to the first man who came to your office and said he had been to the moon. Let the case of Cook be a warning to you. He did not bring back so much as an icicle. Even Peary returned unencumbered with evidence. Was he afraid to take the sporran from the Scot who has sat on the Pole ever since the Union? I suggest that the first voyager to the moon must bring

home with him an inhabitant as a passenger and a proof. If there are no inhabitants, he should have a declaration to that effect from the mayor and one dissenting clergyman of the town nearest to his landing-place (in the moon).

Think, Sir, of the honour, glory—and advertisement!
Yours faithfully,

NON-AVIATOR.

TOWN-PLANNING CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, London W.
24 August 1910.

Sir,—Owing to recent legislation, a new era of town-planning and reconstruction is about to open in the United Kingdom. That there is no danger of the legal and public health aspects of the question receiving inadequate attention is already clear. But it is equally important, in the interest of our own and future generations alike, that the artistic side of such improvements, with its lasting result in beauty and convenience, be not less fully and authoritatively considered.

With this object, the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects have made arrangements to hold an International Town-Planning Conference, of which His Majesty the King has graciously consented to be patron, on a comprehensive scale in the second week in October, and we are glad to state that we are already assured of the participation and assistance of many of the most distinguished experts on the subject, not only of our own country, but of Europe and the United States, as well as of others from the overseas dominions of the Crown.

By an act of disinterested generosity on the part of the president and members of the Royal Academy, the galleries at Burlington House have been placed at the disposal of the Royal Institute for the display of the notable designs and illustrations of town-planning and remodelling which have been collected from all parts of the world.

In order that the proceedings of the Conference may be of the widest utility, and that the welcome offered to our numerous foreign guests may be of the most representative character, we desire, by your courtesy, cordially to invite the presence and co-operation of all those who are concerned in order to secure the best results from a movement of not merely local but national and even imperial importance.

Forms of membership with all particulars may be obtained from the secretary of the Royal Institute.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
JOHN BURNS (Honorary President of the
Conference),
LEONARD STOKES (President),
ASTON WEBB (Chairman of the Executive
Committee),
JOHN W. SIMPSON (Secretary-General).

THE SECRET.

I LEANED upon the beauty of the world,
I drank the wine of winter suns.
The diamonded nights, the mornings pearly,
The amethyst afternoons
Discovered me their jewelries;
The white hands of the Mays unfurled
The cool, green flame, the delicate green flare
Of every hart's-tongue and maidenhair;
And foxgloves, burning to the kiss of June,
Chimed on their rosy bells a secret tune.

The heavens of my heart were overcast,
The eagles of my soul unsatisfied,
Until above the altar of the sea,
Below the lighted candles of the stars,
I saw God elevate His Host the moon.

SANDYS WASON.

REVIEWS.

MEREDITH'S AFTERMATH.

"Celt and Saxon." By George Meredith. Long Constable. 1910. 6s.

"Works of George Meredith." Memorial Edition. Sandra Belloni, 2 vols.; Vittoria, 2 vols.; Beau-champ's Career, 2 vols.; The Egoist, 2 vols.; The Adventures of Harry Richmond, 2 vols.; Evan Harrington; One of our Conquerors; Diana of the Crossways; Lord Ormont and his Aminta; The Ordeal of Richard Feverel; Rhoda Fleming; The Tragic Comedians; The Shaving of Shagpat. London: Constable. 1910. 7s. 6d. per vol.

MEREDITH'S incomplete novel—a considerable fragment, we must add, running to three hundred pages—abounds with eminently characteristic and finished work. Mastery and maturity, in the style which Meredith created, are written all over it. It will therefore satisfy his admirers, while they may recognise that the book as a whole would hardly have touched his highest mark. Symbolic in aim as are all Meredith's novels, this one is even less concerned than usual with the fortunes of individuals. The idea, of course, as the title would suggest, is a study in contrast, and to this central theme all the groupings are subservient. To guess a conclusion would amount to impertinence, and without the least disparagement we may confess no more than a mild preoccupation with the personal destinies involved. The story moves, or rather flickers, in a twilight of perpetual analysis, accentuated by flashes of singular poetry, and threaded everywhere by metaphor of that strange felicity whereby the writer so habitually reconciles us to what at first blush would seem an arbitrary compulsion of language. One need not stray outside the present volume to illustrate a point to which we have already called attention in this Review: that Meredith's work as novelist has raised in a new form the whole question of poetry's relation to prose. He has shaken, if not destroyed, our assumption that certain effects are peculiar to verse, that verse is the only vehicle for certain kinds of imaginative music. Here (with the advantage of Irish mouthpieces, it is true) he offers many a sentence in point. "Flesh is less than grass, my sons; 'tis the shadow that crosses the grass. I love the grass. I could sit and watch grass-blades for hours. I love an old turf-mound, where the grey grass nods and seems to know the wind and have a whisper with it, of ancient times maybe and most like; about the big chief lying underneath in the last must of his bones that a breath of air would scatter. They just keep their skeleton shape as they are; for the turf-mound protects them from troubles: 'tis the nurse to that delicate old infant!" Shakespeare was capable of such effects in prose, here and there, but they have usually struck us as verses gone astray. Meredith deliberately cultivated this art; so successfully, that we often wonder how much he gained, as poet, by the convention of metre to which he sometimes had recourse.

All Meredithians are of necessity collectors of phrases, and from this book they can add many choice things to their stock. The contact of Kelt and Saxon, needless to say, is peculiarly productive of sparks. Incidentally, Meredith has made frequent use of his advantage in the theme; here, he lays himself out to profit by it. "Love was his visionary temple", he says of the young Irishman; "and his idea of love was the solitary light in it, painfully susceptible to cold-air currents from the stories of love abroad over the world". The Saxon moves him to reflection likewise brilliant, but naturally in a strain more prosaic. "He saw too . . . the narrow pedestal whereon the stiff figure of a man of iron pride must accommodate itself to stand in spite of tempests without and within; and how the statue rocks there, how much more pitiful than the common sons of earth who have

the broad common field to fall down on and our good mother's milk to set them on their legs again." Few of Meredith's novels can be richer in the picturesque touch of which he is ever so prodigal. "A shirt of coarse linen with a pale brown spot on the breast, like a fallen beech-leaf." "She was like a marble effigy seated upright, requiring but to be laid at her length for transport to the cover of the tomb." Nothing escapes his gift of the fantastic in description. "The fife's a pretty instrument . . . Three bangs of the drum, like the famous mountain, and the fife announces himself to be born." Time is "old Father Scythe". "There's a forest on fire in it", says Patrick of one of Beethoven's sonatas. "The drop of the letter to the signature fluttered affectionately on a number of cordial adjectives, like the airy bird to his home in the corn." Something of this imaginative vitality finds its way into every sentence, so that the book becomes a monument of virtuosity.

One of the most attractive chapters is the "interlude", as Meredith calls it, on "John Bull", set out in a vein of criticism which forcibly recalls his essay on the Comic Spirit. The leading article is characteristically hit off as "Bull's favourite prose-bardic construction of sentences that roll to the antithetical climax, whose foamy top is offered and gulped as equivalent to an idea".

The story, as we have hinted, is not the thing, but we have one regret in its incompleteness, by reason of our unsatisfied curiosity about the lady, whose image haunts the pages and the minds of the persons, though we never see her in the flesh. Would she have appeared? We rather hope not. A phantasmal heroine, as mainspring of the action, is an attractive notion and worthy of the author, a past master in the art of subjective creation. Already he has endowed the figure with a life at second hand, a brain creature existing only as a stimulus of dreams and conjectures. Indeed, the veritable dramatis personæ of this book are subjective quite as much as objective beings. Meredith has cast himself wholly free, in such work as this, from the trammels of concrete accident. Physical needs and even the soul's cruder pangs play no part in this sort of drama, whose function is rather to whip the cream from an elusive emotional life of rare spirits. Complaint that Meredith's dialogue is unreal would be just as pointless as to say that Elizabethan drama falsifies ordinary conversation. The dialogue of Meredith's characters, and in fact all that he shows of their existence, is supra-realistic. He has created his own convention of speech just as Elizabethan drama did, with the very modern difference that in Meredith all thoughts and feelings are intellectualised, whereas in Shakespeare the romantic style was at its best a positive reddening of the blood. Whether it is desirable that literary art should follow Meredith in this direction is a question we cannot stay to discuss. In this very volume he speaks of "that fatal period of degeneracy for us, when the complex overwhelms the simple, and excess of signification is attempted instead of letting plain nature speak her uncorrupted tongue to the contemplative mind". These are the words of an artist conscious of the characteristic infirmity of his own epoch. As the mirror of such an epoch he was no doubt content to be accepted. "There are situations", he says again, "which pass beyond the lightly stirred perceptive wits to the quiet court of the intellect, to be received there as an addition to our acquaintance with mankind." In that sort of intellectual receptivity it is the glory of our modern age to excel all others, and the permanence of Meredith's fame is in the transcendent illustration he gave, in fiction and in verse alike, of this very quality.

We do not like to take leave of the last of Meredith without a word on the Memorial Edition of his works. Memorials are mainly a weariness and a mistake, busy impertinences coming between life and the memory they would vivify. But Messrs. Constable in their ideal issue are making a real memorial of Meredith—the only tolerable one. These volumes are beautifully printed and light to handle; and the illustrations are good as art and not irrelevant. There is, no doubt,

a certain incongruity between the landscapes, places full of Meredithian association, and the reproduction of the early illustrations that appeared with the story. Still, one would regret to give up either. No man or woman that has the wit to care for Meredith—(and if he does not, can he have wit at all?)—will rest until he has this Memorial Edition complete in his library.

A RIVER OF THE MARCHES.

"The Wye. Painted by Sutton Palmer; described by A. G. Bradley." London: Black. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

M R. BRADLEY is again in the Welsh March land that he loves so well. The present book owes much to Mr. S. Palmer's illustrations, and, as ever, the author is picturesque and interesting, though now and then he irritates us by an historical inaccuracy. He traces the Wye from its rise amid the crags of Plinlimmon until it blends its waters with the mightier Severn beneath the old Norman towers of Chepstow. The wild Welsh wilderness which sees the Wye's birth is a land little known to Welshmen or Englishmen: but it has its historical memories, for here Glyndwr unfurled the red dragon standard and fought on the top of the slopes of Mynydd Hedgant the first battle in the last Welsh war of independence. And here, in spite of Radicalism and Nonconformity, there lingers amid a primitive peasantry the old belief in sorcerers and conjurers, and, more fearsome still, in corpse-candles and the evil eye. From the lone mountains of Elynedd the Wye passes into civilisation at Rhayader, of which the old name was Rhaidy Gwy, the cataract of the Wye. In this land of sheep and mountain ponies, where the farmer and his wife both ride to market on horseback, we are, our author with his usual romantic touch reminds us, in the district of Gwyrthreynion, the land of Vertigern, the traitor Briton, who brought Hengist and Horsa to the shores of Kent. Near Rhayader lies Builth, and we are on classic ground in Welsh history, for on the "Friday before St. Lucie's Day" 1282 Llewelyn ap Griffith, the last Prince of Wales, found the gates of Builth closed in his face, and thence he rode away to perish in a petty skirmish on the banks of the Yrfon. Giffard, the Norman governor of Builth Castle, may no doubt have tempted the Prince to his doom. But the Welsh population of Builth was not responsible, though to them the expression "Bradwyr Buallt", traitors of Builth, has often been applied. Mr. Bradley now calls the accusation preposterous. All the same, he endorsed it some years ago in his book "Highways and Byways of South Wales". We corrected him at the time, and we are glad to note that he has withdrawn the charge. Yet even now he falls into a blunder in connexion with Llewelyn's family. Llewelyn ap Griffith was, he tells us, grandson of Llewelyn the Great, who "had headed all Wales, and even held the balance of power at one period of the Barons' wars with Henry the Third". The fact is that Llewelyn the Great died in 1240, long before the Barons' wars commenced. It is at Hay, the frontier town of Brecknockshire, that the Wye passes into England, and Hay, like Builth, has won a name in the history of the Marches. Its castle is said to have been built by Maud de Valerie, the wife of the traditional ogre of Marches story, William de Braose or Broase. This lady, as is well known, was a victim of King John's cruelty. She was not, however, starved to death at Corfe Castle, as our author states, but at Windsor. We are now in Herefordshire, and the Wye is washing the golden valley, and still the history of the past meets us at every bend of the stream.

Here stand the round towers of Clifford Castle, where Fair Rosamond spent the days of her girlhood; there a turn of the river brings us in view of a church where an alabaster effigy calls back Vaughan of Tretower, who fell at Agincourt by the side of Henry V.; another moment and the river is gliding on to Hereford city and washing the meads of Monnington, where dwelt Glyndwr's daughter and where that disrowned Prince:

of Wales found his last refuge from his English foes. And so the river passes on by Hereford to Ross. Our author touches the cathedral city lightly; he has more, however, to say on Ross and its "Man" whom Pope has made immortal. But he is seldom at his best when he is chatting on the classic time of "gown and hoop". He is happier when the ruined towers of Goodrich recall to him the old Norman Clares. Presently the skirts of the Forest of Dean are in sight, and we are passing the Courtfield of the Vaughans. The history of this family is ignored. It was perhaps in our author's way to say nought of William and Richard Vaughan, who rode from that classic home to fight for Prince Charlie at Culloden—for Welsh Jacobitism he always passes over. He might, however, have mentioned that the existing mansion replaced a former building where, according to tradition, the hero of Agincourt was nursed and where his alleged cradle was preserved until it passed into other hands after the sale that followed Culloden.

A pleasant book; we only wish we could follow our author and river by Tintern's arches to Chepstow's towers.

THE NATIVE STATE POLICY.

"The Native States of India." By Sir William Lee-Warner. London: Macmillan. 1910. 10s. net.

SIR WILLIAM LEE-WARNER'S action in republishing just now under the above title his "Protected Princes of India" is very timely. In the past we have had to consider to what extent we could count upon the greater native States as our friends. In the present they and we stand together for order and good government against the forces of disloyalty, anarchy, and sedition, and, so far as the exercise of their share of the divided sovereignty of their States goes, it has been characterised by greater firmness than has distinguished our own proceedings in British India. The friends of the anti-British party in Parliament have frequently referred to the administrations of Mysore and Baroda as patterns we might follow. It is to be hoped they will continue so to do now that Mysore has passed a press law infinitely more drastic than that which we ourselves, after miserable wavering and disastrous delay, have at length enacted, and when it is proved that, in the collection of the revenue, coercive process is far more prevalent in Baroda than in any part of British India. Not that either of these facts proves the government of these two States to be bad. On the contrary, they are, upon the whole, and in a great measure owing to British intervention, extremely well-governed principalities. But the disloyal party in India, which, unlike its supporters at home, knows something of the country and of its own aims and objects, would not approve the transfer of any part of it to Raja rule. That would be a retrograde measure in their opinion; they hate native autocracy as much as British bureaucracy, and the last thing they want is the old-fashioned paternal rule by whomsoever exercised. The masses find British rule fails in that it lacks a sufficient number of British subordinates to protect them from Brahmin underlings, and quite recently the lower castes of Madras protested against being classed as Hindus for the purposes of representation in the newly enlarged Legislative Councils. There is no question, indeed, of the extension of Raja rule, and whenever a proposal is made to rectify a boundary by the transfer of a village to a native State, the strong objections of the villagers concerned invariably lead to its being dropped. What, then, are the practical questions arising out of a perusal of this equally valuable and interesting work? They are these. Are the existing relations between native States and the paramount power satisfactory, and, if so, can they be preserved? Both these questions the author answers with an emphatic affirmative. He sees in the exercise by the Indian Government and the native chief of a divided sovereignty a satisfactory solution of a difficult problem, and scouts, as we may, the idea that the laws

of international intercourse—so far as these are determinable, and that is not far—are of any application to the case. He shows how the British Government has again and again refrained from annexation after successful war following upon wanton provocation; how rigid adherence to a policy of non-intervention left the British, when difficulties became acute, no alternative but annexation; how Lord Hastings, a great war and treaty maker, was also a great preserver of native States; how subsequently to the Mutiny a policy of subordinate union came to be adopted, which has lasted to, and seems destined long to outlast, our day; how under this policy an incorrigibly bad native ruler can be deposed, not only without any detriment, but with advantage, to the integrity of native rule. The account is one of profit and loss; but chiefly of profit. Native India lies under obligations for the common defence, and by treaty or otherwise maintains for this purpose subsidiary and contingent forces. It is further under restriction as to the strength of the separate armies it may maintain, as to the right to erect fortifications and equip them with armaments, and it is bound to afford to the predominant partner privileges of passage, occupation, and cantonment, assistance in procuring supplies, and rights of control over railways, telegraphs, and postal communications. Native States have no rights of an international character, cannot communicate with foreign countries except through the Government of India, and are empowered to negotiate with one another only through the same channel. The British Government can intervene to prevent dismemberment of any individual State, to suppress rebellion, check misgovernment, abolish cruel and inhuman rites and punishments, and to check religious intolerance. Its recognition of succession to the subordinate thrones is needed, and it settles disputes on this score, has the right to station its political agent in all States, and to administer them during minorities. It also exercises jurisdiction in cantonments, over railways, and over British subjects. These rights are for the most part exercised without much friction, and there is no doubt that the chief difficulties arise when the accredited political agents are over-anxious to advise the ruling chiefs to adopt British methods of administration.

Sir William Lee-Warner very justly says that it is the duty of the British Government to confine its interference in the internal administration within the narrowest limits, and with no less wisdom does he lay it down that if the policy so faithfully observed throughout the nineteenth century of preserving the native States is to be maintained, the solemn guarantees given by Parliament and the Crown in regard to their semi-sovereign rights will require to be constantly borne in mind by impatient reformers, and care must be taken that a policy of benevolent coercion does not prove more dangerous to the integrity of Indian sovereignties than was that of escheat and annexation. After the Mutiny the latter policy was dropped as dangerous, and with it necessarily went by the board non-intervention, for only by timely intervention could a state of affairs culminating in annexation or anarchy be avoided. But the policy followed last century "has preserved the integrity and secured the loyal co-operation of nearly seven hundred princes and chiefs, and any removal of a check against encroachment and interference could not fail to excite the resentment and alarm of the King's allies". Some very slight errors escaped notice in passing this work through the press. For instance, the Maharaja to whom Lord Ripon restored Mysore is not "the present Maharaja". The book has in all essentials been brought right up to date, and a perusal of its well-written pages will conduce to a correct understanding of many Indian problems upon which the fog of ignorance has fallen since the scene of some of the most difficult and delicate problems of human government has become the political playground of the advertising agitator, the socialistic sciolist, and the anti-British member of Parliament.

CHURCH BELLS AND THEIR INSCRIPTIONS.

"The Church Bells of Warwickshire." By the late Rev. H. T. Tilley and H. B. Walters. Birmingham: Cornish Bros. 1910. 12s. 6d. net.

We noticed recently a work on "The Church Bells of Essex", in which also the chief compiler of this volume, Mr. Walters, took a leading part; and it is not surprising to find that the arrangement of subject-matter and style of treatment in the two volumes is much the same. We have, first, an introduction of some ninety pages, giving a full history of the various founders of Warwickshire bells, with some account of ringing customs and peculiar uses, followed by a detailed account of the bells themselves and their inscriptions, arranged in alphabetical order of parishes. There is a good index, and twenty-six plates of facsimile lettering and other founders' marks upon the bells. The whole strikes us as an admirably thorough piece of work, and a valuable book of reference for local campanologists and others who are interested in this little-known department of antiquarian lore.

Warwickshire, we learn, contains 310 churches with one or more bells, the total number of bells being 1051, of which only fifty-eight are certainly pre-Reformation—earlier than 1550. From its geographical position in the centre of England, and the absence of any local foundry between 1400 and 1700 the number of outside foundries represented is unusually large. Bells from the Wattses and Newcombes of Leicester, the Bagleys of Chacombe (Northants), or the still better-known Rudhalls of Gloucester are found here with bells from as far off as Wellington (Salop), Aldbourne (Wilts), Bridgwater and Stamford and from the great London foundries. It is not suggested that many bells were cast on the spot by itinerant representatives of distant firms; and the carriage of such heavy merchandise must have been managed with some difficulty on slow-moving trolleys or wagons over ill-made roads, unless (as is possible) water-carriage was more available than it is now that canal traffic has been almost crushed out of existence by the jealous competition of railways. The old tenor at Brailes (recast in 1877), which weighed 35 cwt. and was almost the largest mediæval bell in England, is shown by the founder's marks reproduced in exact facsimile on its successor to have come from the foundry of one John Bird (circ. 1420) in London; and a tradition about this bell that it was "dug up" near a spot on the Banbury road is said to have arisen from the fact that, when taken to be recast, the conveyance broke down and the bell lay by the roadside. These old mediæval bells, says Mr. Walters, "are disappearing fast"—too often because, having been cracked by "clocking" or other gross carelessness, recasting is necessary if the bells are to be properly rung. Surely this is a matter in which the clergy, as guardians of such valuable church property, might take more interest than they do.

Of bell inscriptions—an interesting branch of campanological lore—this volume gives many typical examples. The nature of an inscription, the characters in which it is written, and founders' marks or tokens are the best evidence for determining the date of any given bell that has not been recast. The earliest bells have either no inscription at all or a very short one, giving the name of the bell or its dedication to our Lord, the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary or one of the saints, with perhaps the name of the founder or a short prayer: e.g. at Beaudesert, "Ave Maria gratia plena" (treble), "Ihesus Nazarenus Rex Iudeorum" (second), "Sancta Katerina ora pro nobis" (Milverton, third). Then come rhyming lines in monkish Latin: e.g. at Brailes, "In multis annis resonet campana Iohannis" (second); at Wroxhall (third), "Assit (=adsit) principio Sancta Maria meo"—a pious founder's prayer for his maiden effort. The inscription on the third bell at Bilston (circ. 1460) is given as "Wox Agustini sonet in aure Dei": the spelling of the first word being probably phonetic, to represent the pronunciation of consonantal V (U) in Latin words (some-

times VV on old inscriptions), and "Agustini" a mere workman's mistake for "Augustini". Later we come across moral or religious maxims: e.g. on Wroxhall (third), "Praes the Lorde Alwaies"; Wormleighton (treble), "Cantate Domino canticum novum", "Benedictum est nomen Domini", "Fili Dei miserere mei", etc.—these being Protestant substitutes for the invocation of saints on mediæval bells. In the seventeenth century begin English rhyming inscriptions, too often degenerating into doggerel, from which it does not appear that modern founders have quite emancipated themselves. There is, for instance, not much to choose between the inscription on a seventeenth-century bell—

"I was made in hope to ring
At the crowning of our King"—

and this on a bell in Lighthorne Church, Warwickshire:

"M. Bagley made me, 1774
I was recast in memorie
Of the Queen's Jubilee 1890".

Warwickshire belfries have preserved a good many specimens of old rhyming rules for ringers, the point of which is generally to impose fines (in money or in beer) for bad language, for overturning a bell, or for ringing in hat, gloves or spurs; which last seems to have been regarded, like the wearing of boots in public by the old statutes of a certain University, as "an absurd and proud custom". But this from the belfry of S. Laurence, Meriden, strikes a note more in harmony with the improvements in belfry customs and behaviour brought about by modern change-ring:

"Who rings a Bell let him look well
To Hand and Head and Heart;
The Hand for work, the Head for skill,
The Heart for worship's part".

NEW GUINEA ETHNOGRAPHY.

"The Melanesians of British New Guinea." By C. G. Seligmann. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1910. 21s. net.

In this work of 750 pages we have a noteworthy addition to our scanty knowledge of the Melanesians, the race which stretches from New Guinea through the Solomon Islands to Fiji and New Caledonia. Melanesia together with New Guinea is now one of the least-known parts of the world.

The detailed exploration of the smaller islands will doubtless be done before very long; but the great land of New Guinea—the largest island in the world—will long be a place of mystery and wonder owing to the difficulties which it presents once the coast is left behind and the great mountains and jungle-covered, precipitous valleys encountered. Many discoveries are to be made there in natural history and ethnology. Up till now what little systematic exploration has been done has been in British territory, though it looks as if we shall soon be outstripped by Germany. The western, or Dutch, half of the island is almost an utter blank on the map. There is a numerous population, of which only a fraction has come in contact with the European. With our present knowledge we can make only a preliminary classification of the natives. Along the southern part of British New Guinea (to which the name of Papua has been absurdly given by the Commonwealth Government) we meet with two quite different races: the western half of this coast being peopled by a dark frizzily-haired race for whom Dr. Seligmann proposes the name Papuans, and who are probably spread over nearly the whole of New Guinea; and the eastern half by a smaller, lighter race who are dominantly Melanesian, and held to be the result of immigrations. These Dr. Seligmann would call Papuan-Melanesians; and it is with them that the present work deals. They probably make up only a small fraction of the New Guinea inhabitants; whether other settlements of them will be found, time only can show. The author suggests the term "Papuasian" to denote the

whole population of New Guinea and its neighbouring islands. All such classifications can for the present be only provisional, but it is clear that the "Papuan" stock comes far east into the Solomon Islands, where, too, is found a belief in the existence of a dwarf people. The fundamental distinction between Papuans and Melanesians is clearly seen in their languages, where it was first pointed out by Mr. Ray.

Dr. Seligmann divides the Papuo-Melanesians into two main divisions—the Western, and the Eastern, or Massim. Between them they occupy a great part of the south-eastern extremity of the island and the numerous outlying archipelagoes. The Massim (or Eastern division) have totemism and mother-right, each clan having in general several totems taken from different classes of the organic kingdom and being exogamous. The Western Papuo-Melanesians are far less homogeneous than are the Massim; being wholly on the mainland—and not on groups of small islands like many of the Massim—they have been greatly affected by the Papuan element, which must be looked on as the original stock. They have a clan-organisation, but only traces of an earlier totemic stage; descent is reckoned through the father. Many of them speak Papuan, not Melanesian, languages. Dr. Seligmann gives an introductory summary and then deals with each of these divisions in detail. Covering as it does such a huge area on the mainland, he contents himself, in the case of the western division, with an account of three groups—the Koita, the Roro-speaking, and the Mekeo tribes. The treatment of the Massim division could be made more complete, owing to the great part of them living in island groups, which are comparatively easy of access.

It is among the Koita that we find those remarkable yearly trading voyages which start about the beginning of October when the south-east trade winds are nearly over; the fleet of big sailing canoes leaves the Port Moresby neighbourhood laden with earthenware pottery and other goods and carries them west to the rivers of the Papuan Gulf, returning after about three months with the north-west monsoon laden with sago made from the trunk of the sago palm, a food which is highly prized in the Western Solomons also. Among the Massim, too, an active trade is carried on; of one island (Tubetube) it is said that "it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that everything in daily use, including food, was imported . . . at one time or another". On these Koita voyages a trade-lingo is used for communication distinct from the languages of those concerned, and there is much ceremony about the voyage and the preparations for it. It is a remarkable fact that the Koita, though they have been in contact over thirty years with the white man, and live near Port Moresby, the seat of government in the possession, have almost wholly withheld alien influence of every kind; they have kept their physical well-being and their old beliefs. Their religion is a belief in beings of divers forms, all more or less unfriendly; the most important are the tabu, inhabiting defined areas, and of various shapes (snake, octopus, or what not). They believe in a soul surviving death and living on a mountain a life which is a replica of the life in this world; this soul often haunts the place where it died, and may punish its kinsmen if annoyed. There seems to be no worship of the dead, nor of the heavenly bodies. The religion of the Roro-speaking tribes seems mainly to agree with that of the Koita, but their dead live in the bush, where all are happy cultivating a big garden. The chiefship in these groups takes the form merely of clan-chiefs; there is nothing in the nature of a tribal or more general chief.

When we come to the eastern Papuo-Melanesians, or the Massim, we find them mainly living in the various small islands to the south-east of the mainland (the Louisiades, Trobriands, Woodlark); this section Dr. Seligmann calls the South Massim; while he gives the name of North Massim to those dwelling on the mainland. Here again the extent of the ground forbade a complete treatment, and the more fruitful method was adopted of treating a few places in detail.

Here, as elsewhere, much work is left for future investigators. But in these smaller islands the white influence is far more strongly felt, and the decay of the culture will be far speedier than on the mainland. Among the Massim is found the remarkable system of "linked" totems; a clan will have at least one bird totem, and a fish, snake, and plant totem; the first being the most important. Though a man takes his mother's totems, he shows more regard for those of his father.

A few of the totems have been found also in the Western Solomons; but the custom of sparing in war a fellow-clansman, which used to exist here, is not observed among the Massim. The totemism of Melanesia is far less vigorous and important than that of Australia. Among the Massim the chiefship is not very developed, though more so than to the west. Throughout Papuo-Melanesia marriage proposals generally come from the girl, and the marriage is preceded by a more or less prolonged intimacy. We find no worship of the dead nor of a superior being among the South Massim; there seems to be merely a belief in the existence of non-natural beings, some of which are quasi-human ogres of grotesque aspect. In Papuo-Melanesia we do not hear of the cult connected with the "canary"-nut, which plays such a part among the Melanesians of the Solomons; the tree is not mentioned. But we find a ceremonial connected with the mango tree, which "in some rather ill-defined way . . . is associated with the spirits of the dead". In the Solomons there is a very definite first-fruits offering of the canary-nut to the dead.

Dr. Seligmann has been helped in his researches by missionaries and others in some degree of intimacy with the natives. The educated missionary has it in his power to give us much data on the life and thought of the lower races; his point of view is not the scientist's, but the scientist must allow for this, so that he may make use of the fruits of the missionary's close knowledge of the native mind acquired by a length of stay which the scientist can seldom give. Dr. Seligmann's work marks out many lines for future research, and is an exceedingly valuable collection of material about the western extremity of the Melanesian race. It is well illustrated.

NOVELS.

"*The Way Up.*" By M. P. Willcocks. London: Lane. 1910. 6s.

Miss Willcocks' latest novel has a certain degree of greatness in it, inasmuch as it possesses some of the qualities which have marked her earlier work; but it does not strike us as an advance on them. There is a good deal of earnest endeavour to choose a laudable theme—the economic "way up" from poverty; a good deal of social fervour in treating of the methods employed by her hero—communal life for workers and co-operative production; and there is a good deal of life in her characters. But we feel at the close of the book that Miss Willcocks has overloaded her scaffolding, and that a hundred and sixty thousand words is too long. Some of the character-drawing displays her real gifts of sympathy and insight, though Michael Strode, the central figure, is not readily understood. His mother, however, is an admirable study, while the lighter characters, Elise, Louis Aviolet, and Martha Pym, are most engaging. We feel as we read that Miss Willcocks has devoted great care to her delineation of Philippa, at first Michael's "right hand" in his works and eventually his second wife; but for some obscure reason Philippa does not stand out conspicuously as we reflect on the book.

"*A Gentleman of Virginia.*" By Percy James Brebner. London: Macmillan. 1910. 6s.

The French Revolution has been for many years the happy hunting-ground of the novelist, and the possibili-

ties involved in the rescue of charming aristocrats by adventurous Englishmen from the clutches of the Paris mob had, one might have supposed, been long since worked out. Mr. Brebner proves us wrong. The setting of his story is unoriginal—a young American comes to France to place his sword at the service of Lafayette, and ends by playing the knight-errant to a distressed daughter of the ancient nobility. But the author contrives to weave a romance in which real tragedy plays a conspicuous part: Richard Barrington carries back across the Atlantic the bride whom he has won so much to win, yet the winning of his bride has only been achieved by the supreme self-sacrifice of Raymond Latour—the Republican deputy lays down his life to save the girl who has spurned him and goes to the guillotine that his rival may enjoy the happiness which he has been denied. Even the most jaded reader cannot fail to be gripped by the poignant realism of the situation, and Mr. Brebner writes with a vivacity which would make the veriest commonplaces acceptable.

"King and Captive." By A. Whisper. London: Blackwood. 1910. 6s.

This tale sets forth the loves of Seti, Pharaoh of Egypt, and a nameless Greek dancing-girl who rose from the lowly position of washer of the King's feet to be his mistress. Of course it was three thousand years ago, and, besides, Nefert, as they dubbed her at Pharaoh's Court, seems to have been for those days an exceptional member of her profession; "he had offered her riches and she had not taken them; jewels, but she did not want them". All this is ben trovato and pretty, and at the same time one is learning quite a lot about the costumes and other outside aspects of Ancient Egypt. Mr. Whisper has a vivid descriptive style, though he has a tendency now and then to drop into colloquialisms that accord but ill with his subject-matter; and when he wrote of the boy Rameses, "a nature that having achieved its will, looks round for another unattainable object", he was probably hurried.

"The Twisted Foot." By Henry Milner Rideout. London: Constable. 1910. 6s. 6d.

When the place in which a murder is committed or attempted is always marked by the imprint of a large naked foot with the great-toe at right angles, it may be suspected that the novelist is playing with supernatural machinery. Mr. Rideout, however, is in this and one or two other matters simply trying to hoodwink the astute reader. His story introduces us to such picturesque scenes in the Philippines and Java that it can be enjoyed without taking too seriously the mysterious vendetta that runs through it, or suffering too sharply when the somewhat commonplace explanation is given. There are crisp exciting episodes, and in the character of a semi-Europeanised young Malay sultan the author scores a remarkable success.

"How She Played the Game." By Lady Napier of Magdala. London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

The girl of good birth driven by poverty to take a situation as companion is no new discovery, while there is no novelty in the Auld Robin Grey motif—the good elderly wooer who appears while the jeune premier is seeking a fortune. But what a relief it is to have men and women of good breeding described faithfully, without literary tricks or psychological affectations! It is impossible to resist the attraction of Jean Maxwell, whether she is doing her best for a vulgar, purse-proud employer or playing the straight game in matters of the heart. The Italian couple who nearly wreck her happiness are perhaps a little melodramatic, but, when one pauses to think, there is no reason why a brilliant pair of adventurers, with more pedigree than morals and more accomplishments than money, should not in real life play much the same rôles as those taken by San Frediano and his handsome sister.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Shakespeare's Roman Plays and their Background." By M. W. MacCallum. London: Macmillan. 1910. 10s. net.

Professor Raleigh in his "Shakespeare" remarks in a rather casual way that "There is evidence to show how strong a hold the stories and characters of Plutarch laid upon Shakespeare's imagination". This is a somewhat insufficient statement for the ordinary reader of Shakespeare, and he may even not sufficiently correct the misleading impression, though he may read in annotated editions. Dr. MacCallum, professor of modern literature in the University of Sydney, in this "Shakespeare's Roman Plays and their Background" deals at large with the subject so cursorily dismissed in Professor Raleigh's otherwise excellent general treatment of Shakespeare and his plays, and thus provides a necessary supplement. To this we may add another book which was published a year or two ago, the "Lives" of Plutarch in North's translation, which Shakespeare used in writing his Roman plays. It is necessary to mention some such book, as Plutarch's "Lives" are unfortunately not so much read as they used to be. To understand the Roman plays one must read Plutarch as well as Shakespeare, and appreciate the relations of the translator to the dramatist. Without Plutarch and North there would and could have been no Shakespearean Roman plays. Professor MacCallum has written excellent sketches of Plutarch and of Bishop Amyot, who first made the celebrated translation of the "Lives" into French, and of Sir Thomas North, who turned it into a noble piece of Elizabethan prose, a good deal of which got into the Roman plays bodily, and into some others by reference and allusion. What they did on the English stage with Roman subjects before North's translation appeared is also shown by Professor MacCallum; and in the plays treated in detail, but especially in "Julius Caesar", reappear all the interesting controversies about the characters in which so many writers have taken part, and so treated as to make his book an excellent restatement of the whole subject. He has composed a literary study of peculiar interest and value, both of the materials furnished by North and of the transformation they passed through in Shakespeare's genius. It enables us better to understand how Shakespeare had all the enthusiasm of a Mommsen for Caesarism—which was his own—and yet could represent Brutus so sympathetically as the type of ancient Republicanism—which was the ideal of Plutarch.

"The Dogaressas of Venice." By Eustace Staley. London: Laurie. 1910. 12s. 6d. net.

There is really not very much to say about the Dogaressas of Venice, but under this title Mr. Staley has put together an olla podrida of things about Venice and made up a book of nearly four hundred pages. The sort of important information he has of those he knows something may be gathered from his account of one of them, Teodora Selvo: "Into the mysteries of the Dogaressa's toilet we may also most fortunately be admitted through the grace of those who kept her diaries. The morning bath was administered with perfumed water or white wine, and sometimes with freshly gathered dew from the flower petals and greensward of her garden." Then Mr. Staley comments: "If the Latins were especially careful as to washing their feet, the Greeks were equally particular about their heads; they found the douche healthful and invigorating. The more exquisite Athenians had a special perfume and wash for each portion of the body. It was said that simple-minded peasant Paris was directly influenced in the bestowal of his golden apple by the seductive odours exhaled by the massaged, painted, powdered, well-laved person of the fascinating Queen of Beauty." Take another passage of drivelling stuff: "We know not whether she was fair or dark, tall or short, embonpoint or thin"—"embonpoint or thin" is exquisite! "The probabilities are that she was blonde, as most Greek beauties were, but any attractions her figure may have offered as a bride possibly were diminished when she became a matron." The person who could write the "embonpoint or thin" phrase might be expected to write the following: "Unlike the primitive ways of the unsophisticated Venetians, who were content to convey their food to their mouths with their fingers or with ladles, the Dogaressa introduced a Grecian fork, &c., &c." But Mr. Staley's rubbishy matter and general style is worse than his elementary English. No reader of any education could tolerate his book for an hour. He would throw it down in disgust. We suspected the rest with the opening sentence of the book. It begins with the "Queen of the Adriatic", the "Queen of Beauty", and the rest of the miserable gush of

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it gives a fitting keynote to all that follows. "Where the iridescent bubbles of the light zephyr-borne foam of the ever-flowing sea-wash disperse with intangible impact, upon the golden strand of shallow shoals all strewn with opal-hued sea-shells—making plaintive cadences in the keen sea-breeze, there, there was Venus born—so too was Venice!" We have seldom come across an equally ridiculous book.

"*On and Off Duty in Annam.*" By Gabriel M. Vassal. London: Heinemann. 1910. 10s. net.

A delightful account of the life of an English lady married to a French doctor who was appointed to a post at the Pasteur Institute at Nhatrang in Annam. A somewhat heavy encyclopaedic introduction summarising the history of French Indo-China hardly prepared us for the light and peculiarly attractive pictures Mrs. Vassal gives of Nhatrang and its surroundings. Chapters such as those describing the routine in the little Cai-nha—the home or house—the Mandarin at home, and the Têt—the great native New Year's fête—are simply living pictures of Annam at work and play. Quaint customs, exciting incidents, interesting monuments—the Tcham Temple, for instance—and that novel tri-car excursion to the inland hills, provide material for other sections. Not the least fascinating of Mrs. Vassal's pages are those devoted to her garden. A dry sandy enclosure round the house, with the assistance of good earth obtained from the river banks, was turned into a sort of tropically luxuriant European garden. It took long months to convert what was a desert into green lawns and flower-beds. "Flames of the Forest", coffee trees, filaos, Japan lilacs, agaves, and other flowering trees and shrubs found a place in company with "the Hibiscus, scarlet, pink and pale mauve, the blood-red blossoms of the pomegranate trees, the red and yellow acacias, which so often surround the Annamese pagodas, and the bougainvilles". From more than a dozen rose trees, says Mrs. Vassal, "no morning goes by, winter or summer, without my being able to cut a dozen blooms for the house". Seeds reached Mrs. Vassal periodically from London and Paris, and in Annam growth is naturally astonishing to the European; balsams become the size of small roses and dahlias go five feet high; mustard and cress is eatable four or five days after being sown. The garden, of course, was the happy hunting-ground of innumerable insects and birds, which were often Mrs. Vassal's despair. Whatever the drawbacks, the compensations were greater. For her a garden makes "a house home and in great measure softens the hardship of exile". Mrs. Vassal used her camera to excellent effect, and the book is well illustrated with photographs.

We have received the annual report of the Committee, of which Lord Balcarres is the chairman, on Ancient Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures, prepared for presentation to the Congress of Archaeological Societies held this year. Those who are interested, as a growing number of people are, in ancient defensive earthworks and fortified enclosures, or in other tumuli, will find in this report all that was done during 1909 by way of their preservation, destruction, or exploration throughout England, as well as the recent bibliography of the subject.

"*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" 15 Aout.

This number contains an adroit defence of the Congo policy of the present Belgian Government by M. Paul Nève. It is clear that the writer has great suspicion of British policy in that region. It is true he condemns the proceedings of King Leopold, but he suspects that the hesitation of England to acknowledge and guarantee the new status of the Congo as a Belgian colony is due to the promptings of the South African mineowners with regard to the Katanga district, so rich in minerals, already exploited in the main by British subjects. England may well hesitate to guarantee the integrity of Belgian possessions until she has had an opportunity of appreciating the new Belgian policy. There is a fascinating article by M. Lafenestre on the influence of S. Francis of Assisi on Italian art. We hardly thought it possible for anyone to write anything fresh or illuminating on S. Francis or his influence, but M. Lafenestre has certainly succeeded in doing it. He gives a brilliant and impressive account of the architectural development which found its expression in the numerous churches and monastic buildings which followed on the rise of the Franciscans. He shows considerable hardihood in bracketing S. Francis with the Emperor Frederic II., the most notorious sceptic of the later Middle Ages, as the two great inspirers of the movement which led to the Renaissance and the Reformation.

LAW BOOKS.

"*Costs on the High Court Scale.*" By George Anthony King. London: Stevens and Sons; Sweet and Maxwell. 1910. 20s.

In a recent case Sir Samuel Evans, turning to the jury, said: "Now, gentlemen, you are going to see what the real fight is about—costs." Judges may decide what parties shall pay and what parties receive costs, but it is in the Taxing Master's office that the how much or how little is settled. As in every office there is a tradition which affects official rules, and is only imperfectly appreciated by outsiders, so it is in the Taxing Office; and hence a book on costs comes out with natural advantages when its author is a Master of the Supreme Court. Mr. King observes: "Costs are a peculiarly British institution. No other country pays its lawyers in the same fashion, and in particular no other country has such an extraordinary difference in mode of payment between the men who think and the men who talk, between the men whom suitors see and the men to whom judges listen." And again: "Solicitors are largely dependent for their living upon allowances which are framed upon the paradoxical principle of paying them for things they don't do by way of compensation for not paying them for things they must do." In this book, dealing with "Appendix N to the Rules of the Supreme Court, 1883", in the form of a commentary upon all the allowances, is to be seen how the Taxing Masters deal with this paradox of paying solicitors not for what they must do, but for what they do not do. It is a requisite accessory to accompany every ordinary book of Precedents of Costs and explain the unusual.

"*Trial of Oscar Slater.*" Edited by William Roughhead. Glasgow: Hodge. 1910. 5s. net.

The trial of Oscar Slater for the murder of Miss Gilchrist in Glasgow last year was the most remarkable instance of recent years of conviction upon circumstantial evidence used to strengthen evidence of identification that turned on the personal impressions of witnesses. Undoubtedly it presented one of those problems of the criminal law which remain of value for the legal student after the popular sensationalism has disappeared. It is worthy a place in the causes célèbres of Messrs. Hodge's now well-known series, and it is edited with just as much thoroughness by Mr. Roughhead as the previous trial of Captain Porteous, which the literary and historical reviewers spoke of so highly.

"*Foreign and Colonial Patent Laws.*" By Wallace Cranston Fairweather. London: Constable. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

This is undoubtedly a useful book for those who require information as to the patent laws of every country other than their own, for Mr. Fairweather includes all other countries in the world, though it must be admitted that in some such as Greece or Persia the resulting chapter is much like that on the snakes of Ireland. But it may be as desirable to know of the absence as of the existence of a patent law, and how provision is otherwise made.

"*Students' Cases Illustrative of all Branches of the Law.*" By Philip Petrides. London: Stevens and Sons. 1910. 10s. 6d.

Law students will appreciate the collection in one volume of the leading cases in all the branches of the law on which they are examined in the Bar or Solicitors' Final. Such a collection is only possible by the omission of text-book notes. In leading cases for practitioners extensive notes developing the principles of the principal case are necessary; but notes for a student's collection need not duplicate the elements of the text-books. Mr. Petrides' statement of the cases is crisp and concise, while containing the facts which colour the narrative with a human interest that makes each case characteristic.

"*The Justice's Note-Book.*" 9th Edition. By Charles Milner Atkinson. London: Stevens and Sons; Sweet and Maxwell. 1910.

This is the latest edition of the long well-known Wigram, which needs no description for lawyers. "If the tool is useful the workman will discover the use", said Mr. Wigram in his preface to the first edition many years ago; and magistrates and their clerks, and solicitors who practised before them, did discover its use. And there are others: those of whom Mr. Wigram said "People might really know with advantage a little more than they do of the laws under which they live". Let a man who has dogs, for instance, turn up the pages in this "magnificent medley" which treats of dogs, and he will find the law he wants.

"*Collisions at Sea.*" By R. G. Marsden. 6th Edition. By E. S. Roscoe and H. M. Robertson. London: Stevens and Sons. 1910. 30s.

An edition of which it is unnecessary to say more than that with the exception of recent cases it remains what it was, and that the draft International Convention as to collisions is included as indicative of probable changes in the future in English law, though they are not yet incorporated in a statute.

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